

November 5, 1958

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**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**



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Our cover

● Our Melbourne Cup cover girl is Edda Benco, Italian-born model, who has been in Australia for seven years. She is wearing a rose-printed silk chiffon hat by Lanvin-Castillo. Picture by staff photographer Robert Cleland.

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The Weekly Round

● Our editor, Mrs. Esme Fenston, returned last week from a trip abroad—London, Paris, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and Honolulu.

SHE discovered on return that she had been away just 80 days — a time-schedule that nowadays provides a very satisfying tour of the world's big cities.

In San Francisco on the way back she saw a housing scheme that would rouse envy in home-hungry Australians.

Built by private enterprise, these timber and concrete three-bedroom, two-bathroom houses sell for £9000 Australian. This may not sound cheap, but in terms of American wages it represents the equivalent of £4500.

The houses (with land included) are available on a deposit of about £100. Again taking American wages into consideration, you can halve that sum.

How would you like to move into a house complete with magnificent stove, central heating, and built-in wardrobes for £250?

There is, of course, the same snag as in Australia. You still have to pay the place off. But you don't need much ready cash to put a dream roof over your head.

★ ★ ★
ALTHOUGH we sometimes publish letters with pen-names on our Readers' Letters page, we give preference to those whose writers sign their names for publication.

Some readers tell us that they are happy to have their names printed, but prefer us

to omit their full addresses. In future we will use name and suburb or town, leaving out number and street unless you ask us to give the address in full.

Remember, of course, that we need your complete address to send you your prizemoney.

★ ★ ★
AT Flemington Racecourse next Tuesday will be two men who never bet on the Melbourne Cup.

They are the Men on Greys, Jim McGaffin and Reg Kent, who as Clerks of the Course are not allowed to bet. (See opposite page.)

But they have lived with horses all their lives, so we asked them to name their favorites for the Cup.

Jim tipped Yeman, with Sir Blink the danger; Reg's choice is Caranna.

Facelift for a flat

● Looking for ideas to redecorate a room, a flat, or a house? Next week we show you in color how a young married couple transformed their flat, giving small rooms a spacious look. These pages are part of a 16-page all-color home section, which includes a special feature on curtains.

To one man the Melbourne Cup is "just another race"

● Hundreds of thousands of people throughout Australia will be tense with excitement on Tuesday, November 4, as the horses line up for the start of the 1958 Melbourne Cup, but for one of the riders behind the barrier it will be "just another race."

THE horseman who's immune to Cup fever is a familiar figure to race-goers from all over Australia as he canters round Flemington on a grey, wearing his scarlet jacket, white breeks, and black velvet cap.

He is Jim McGaffin, of Malvern, Victoria — Clerk of the Course.

It's not really surprising that this 62-year-old's pulse fails to beat faster as he helps get the starters for the big race into line.

He has been Clerk of the Course at Flemington and other Victorian courses for 25 years.

He can't even begin to guess how many thousands of horses he has helped shepherd into line for close on 3000 races, including 25 Melbourne and 25 Caulfield Cups.

But he estimates that he's ridden at least 8500 miles in the course of his Clerk of the Course duties.

Second Clerk of the Course, Reg Kent, of Bentleigh, Victoria — mounted and kitted for his job just as Jim McGaffin — admits to feeling a little extra thrill as he works behind the start of the Melbourne Cup.

But, then, he's only half Jim's age and been at the job for only 12 years.

And he was once a jockey, although he never rode in a Melbourne Cup.

Those neat greys the two Clerks will be riding on Cup Day, seeing the gallopers off and then bustling back to the finishing post in time to lead the placed horses into the saddling enclosure, are police horses.

True horseman

But why they are always greys Jim McGaffin doesn't know.

"Unless it be that we are always left at the post, and by being easily distinguishable on a grey we don't give too many punters heart failure," he said with one of his quizzical smiles.

Quietly spoken Jim McGaffin, with the keen, steady eyes, the patient manner, the easy, co-ordinated movements and the large capable hands of the true horseman, has been with horses all his life.

Born at Wodonga, Victoria, he comes from what he describes as a "horsy" family.

"My father, Joe McGaffin, was breaking in horses from 17 to 70, and my mother was a Lloyd, a family of champion riders," he said.

Jim McGaffin himself started breaking horses when he was 13 and continued until a few years ago, handling on an average 100 horses a year.

In his younger days he broke in 80 per cent. of the yearlings which passed through the sale ring in Melbourne.

He has lost count of the hundreds of horses he has led in as winners of big races in Melbourne that he first knew as high-spirited babies handed over to him for education.

Rode for Prince

But there's one that he broke in that he'll never forget—Skipton, whom he led in as the winner of the V.R.C. Derby and the Melbourne Cup in 1941.

That year the Melbourne Cup was not "just another race" to Jim McGaffin.

Horse-breaking and his Clerk of the Course work at Flemington, Caulfield, Moonee Valley, Werribee, Mornington, Seymour, and Kilmore are only a part of this horse-loving horseman's life.

When the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, was in Australia in 1921 Jim shared the rough-riding championship of Australia with his cousin, Ned Lloyd, in the big event put on specially for the Prince in the Exhibition Grounds in Melbourne.

He had seven trips to India with the Gove Brothers, of Melbourne, in the days when they shipped remounts, polo ponies, and hacks, 1000 at a time, from Australia to India.

"The rajahs would come to take their pick and I would ride the horses and ponies to show their paces," he said.

He played polo and went duck-shooting with the Prince of Wales and Earl Mountbatten on one of those trips to India in 1922.

And he's done some amateur riding . . . "with a fair bit of success," he admits.

Somewhere in between Jim McGaffin found time to play football for St. Patrick's, Albury, in the Owens-Murray



THE MEN ON THE GREYS at Flemington Racecourse: Jim McGaffin (left) on Shandy and Reg Kent on Carol.

League, and to win success as a foot-runner, one year winning the Wangaratta Gift and the Wangaratta Sprint.

And now for the questions always asked of a horsewise man at Melbourne Cup time:

● Are racehorses as good today as they used to be?

"Definitely not," replied Jim McGaffin.

"Years ago weight-for-age races were really something, when you could see such champions as Heroic, Manfred, Fuji San, Night Patrol, Spearfelt, and Nigger Minstrel racing against one another.

"Speedy squibs"

"What do you get today? Nothing to touch them. Perhaps one horse in their class, and he just takes the lot.

"They're going too much for speedy squibs these days."

● What's the best race performance you've ever seen?

"Without a doubt, that of Sarakos in a hurdle race at Moonee Valley some years ago.

"When the barrier went up he whipped right round and faced the wrong way. I raced up to him, hit him on the shoulder, and ran him along for about 10 yards in the right direction.

"By the time his jockey and I had got him going the other horses were jumping the first.

"By the second Sarakos was leading . . . and he won pulling up."

● Which was the best horse you've ever seen?

"No doubt about that. Phar Lap. He was a wonder."

Reg Kent, too, has got horses in his blood from way back.

His great-grandfather Payne

was one of the early starters at Caulfield, and his great-grandfather Kent was Veterinary Surgeon to Queen Victoria, with the Royal horses and the Royal dogs in his charge.

"One of the best"

As a lad Reg was apprenticed to Melbourne trainer Jack Bence as a jockey, but weight beat him as a flat rider.

He took to riding over fences till he was 19, when he joined Jim McGaffin in his horse-breaking work.

"I was handling, and he riding, and he was one of the best I've ever seen on a yearling," said Jim.

A badly broken ankle Reg acquired when a flighty youngster threw him stopped his horse-breaking but didn't end his association with Jim.

Soon after he recovered he

joined Jim as a Clerk of the Course.

Throughout Melbourne Cup Day, while you're feverishly trying to pick winners, Jim McGaffin and Reg Kent will be riding round Flemington.

They'll see your fancies, and everybody else's, are led from the birdcage to the saddling paddock in race-book order and weighed out, mounted, and ridden to the starting barrier in time for each race to go off on the tick of schedule.

They'll each ride at least 10 miles, probably more, helping to make your Cup Day run smoothly.

But there's one thing they won't be doing — having a flutter on the Cup. They're not allowed to bet.

And even if they were, they wouldn't. Racing's too chancy, they say.

Tennis stars who'd win with a 'love-all' score

● Two pretty girls from South Africa and two handsome boys from Spain are playing Australia's tennis circuit to a gallery of admiring teenagers who wouldn't care if the score was love-all.

THE Spaniards, who've been nicknamed the season's "pin-up boys," are Andres Gimeno and Jose Luis Arilla.

Andres is a lanky six-foot-one of 21; Luis is five-foot-ten and just 17. Both have dark, flashing eyes, olive skins, and black hair, and they're handsome enough to make señoritas of other nationalities hurry for a Spanish dictionary.

The South African girls—Sandra Reynolds, 19, and Renee Schuurman (pronounced Skew-man), 18—represent a glamorous menace as the only overseas women players coming here this tennis season.

Present holders of the South African Women's Doubles title, the girls have come armed for battle with seven Teddy Tintling model dresses each.

Renee is the hardest hitting woman tennis star in South Africa, and a pretty blue-eyed blonde into the bargain, while Sandra has effortless footwork and is an equally pretty brown-eyed brunette.

All four players are visiting Australia for tennis experience, sponsored by their countries'

Tennis Associations, and they'll play in the Australian Championships in Adelaide and also in most capital cities.

The boys are being "managed" by their friend and interpreter, 21-year-old N.S.W. player Warren Woodcock, and are staying some of the time with Warren's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Woodcock, of Waverley, N.S.W.

This is repaying hospitality Warren and Neil Gibson received in Spain on a tennis tour two years ago.

Since their arrival the boys have undergone intensive coaching—not only at solid tennis practice but in the English language.

Feminine fans

Most evenings in Sydney they were at home watching TV after dinner and in bed by 9 p.m. One night a week they went to the local movies with Warren and a bevy of eager Australian teenage girls who've been begging Warren for introductions to the boys.

We butted in on one of their daily English lessons and found the three-sided conversation match quite strenuous to play.

It went this way:

Us to Warren: "What do the boys think about being called pin-ups?"

Warren explains the question in slow English to Andres, who translates it into Spanish to Luis, who is more cautious with his new English accent.

Andres replies: "Pin-ups... No, no. Gina Lollobrigida is the pin-up. We are the tennis men."

"We live in Barcelona and play much tennis. And there are two bullfights, where Luis goes to study the matadors."

"Luis likes the bullfights. I like the girls."

"We like the music," continued Andres, "And Luis sing like Johnnie Ray."

At this, Luis got brave enough to try out his English. "He cry. I cry, too. And I learn to sing 'Matilda'."

A few lines of "Waltzing Matilda" followed. Luis sang, Andres beat time, and Warren hummed the tune.

Mrs. Woodcock then brought in morning tea and cake. Andres ladled in three spoons of sugar and kept talking.

"I like the tea-ing. Always they are morning tea-ing and afternoon tea-ing and evening tea-ing."

"And I like to dance the cha-cha-cha. I lose my fortune when I have money. I spend on cha-cha-cha records."

At home in Barcelona, Andres works in a big sports-goods store managed by Jaime Bartoli, captain of the Spanish Davis Cup team, while Luis works for a newspaper owned by Count de Godo, patron of the Spanish Tennis Federation.

Both the boys have played tennis for Spain—Andres has been twice men's champion, in 1956 and 1957, while Luis plays junior grade.

The girls, already veterans of two Wimbledon seasons and several Continental tournaments, are the first South

African women players to visit Australia since an official team came in 1954.

Sandra's home is in Bloemfontein, Orange Free State, where she is studying to be a primary schoolteacher. Renee lives in Durban, has trained as a secretary, but hasn't yet taken a job, because tennis keeps her too busy.

A diving loss

Renee probably could have made a brilliant diving career for herself had she not decided to concentrate on tennis, for at 15 she was second in the South African senior diving championships.

Asked how they keep up their stamina in tournaments, Renee quickly replied: "Sanny eats chocolate all day, but I have to keep off sweet things, and just hope my stamina lasts out."

They don't have any fancy training habits—they just play tennis every chance they get.

The girls have two overpowering "weaknesses" off the court.

Renee's is shoes. "I've brought six pairs with me, and know I'll be buying more here, and don't ask me how many I have at home," she said.

Sandra's is skirts. "I walk on the other side of the road if I see a likely shop looming, because I know what will happen," she said.

The girls do their fashion-thinking together, because they dress alike on the court.

At a practice match at Kooyong they played in Tintling models—white terylene dresses made with round-necked bodices and box-pleated skirts with a blue edging.

They intend to stay fancy-free.

"Romance?" Renee said. "Ooh, I'm far too young, and what would Mother say!"



TENNIS STARS Sandra Reynolds (left) and Renee Schuurman, both from South Africa, enjoy a cup of tea at the party Mrs. Harry Hopman gave in their honor at the Kooyong Club House. They're wearing Teddy Tintling "sack" tennis dresses with their first names embroidered round the neckline.



JOSE LUIS ARILLA



ANDRES GIMENO



BULLFIGHTING is a major interest for visiting Spanish tennis star Jose Luis Arilla. Here, playing the role of a matador, he uses a sweater to demonstrate the art of fighting, while his fellow Spaniard, Andres Gimeno, pretends to be the bull.

Cash prizes in our novel Christmas Customs Contest

● What special customs, apart from the usual celebrations, does your family keep up on Christmas Day?

NEARLY every family has a Christmas tree and enjoys a festive Christmas dinner; nearly every family has some special family custom which is part of the day, and eagerly looked forward to through the year.

Write in and tell us about it. Your letter could win a cash prize.

Closing date for the contest will be Monday, November 10.

Here are some examples of Christmas customs:

● A widow with three married daughters and nine young grandchildren, all under 10, has dispensed with Christmas dinner in favor of Christmas breakfast.

● A family which invites two children from an orphanage to share the day.

● Others invite old people from homes, or friends who would otherwise be lonely.

● Members of a New Australian family who

follow their European tradition of celebrating Christmas on Christmas Eve night.

They have their Christmas dinner at six o'clock, give presents afterwards, and sing carols around the tree.

Tell us, in not more than 200 words, what YOU do each Christmas that makes the day different and special.

The best letter received will be awarded £10, and we will pay £2 for every other letter published.

Send your entries to "Family Christmas," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

Housewife who saved suburb

She changed a Government's mind after seven-year fight

● After what she admits was seven years' hard labor, Estelle Hillard, of McMahon's Point, N.S.W., is free, or reasonably free, to look after her husband, child, and home again.

SINCE 1951 this remarkable woman, whose great-uncle was Andrew Fisher, first Labor Prime Minister of Australia, has been battling to get the area where she lives rezoned from industrial to residential.

Last week, after incredible years of almost ceaseless work and self-denial, she succeeded when the Minister for Local Government, Mr. J. B. Renshaw, announced that McMahon's Point would be a residential area.

Mrs. Hillard began what at the start was a one-woman crusade because she believed that people themselves should decide what happens in their own area.

She was then a housewife and Methodist lay preacher who was totally ignorant of politics and who didn't know what a land or building regulation looked like.

But within a few years she was an alderman of North Sydney Council, and today she can quote the Local Government Act backwards and sideways.

Simple, charming

She mastered that fat tome of law and jargon by first paying 37/6 for it, then sitting up in bed with it, her husband asleep beside her, while she studied regulations and sections and sub-sections which even some lawyers can't understand.

Which makes it probably the only time in history that a wife has shared her bed with her husband and the Local Government Act.

Mrs. Hillard could almost be frightening if she wasn't also simple, charming, humorous.

It was a pleasure to talk with this most womanly woman with the steady blue eyes and brown hair — not one grey strand, either — at her home in John Street, McMahon's Point.

The beds weren't made,

By
RONALD McKIE

there were brooms in the hall, carpets were up, she wore a green-patterned apron, and the phone never stopped.

It never stopped, and she couldn't get any housework completed, because for 24 hours people had been phoning their congratulations to "The Virago."

That's what they call her, with affection and admiration, over North Sydney way, because for seven years, often punch-drunk with exhaustion and failure, she has fought on against opposition, evasion, and vested interests.

Early in her life Estelle Clark showed she was a girl to be reckoned with.

She was born at Bathurst, N.S.W., where her Scot father, John, was a loco inspector in the railways, but has spent most of her life in Armidale and in Sydney, where she went to Burwood High School.

After getting her Leaving Certificate she took her first job as a secretary.

But now glance at what she found time to do between the ages of 18 and 25 and you'll see what sort of girl the back-room boys of North Sydney Council had to contend with when she first sat down beside them as an alderman only two years ago.

While working, and only in her spare time, she:

- Completed a five years' dressmaking and millinery course at East Sydney Technical College.
- Completed a two years' cooking course, also at the Technical College.
- Attended lectures in psychology and biology at Sydney University.
- Studied public speaking.
- Studied the piano at the Sydney Conservatorium.
- Studied theology and Bible history.
- Became a Methodist lay preacher, preached her first

sermon, and, for a time, took three services a Sunday at the Methodist Church in William Street, Darlinghurst.

While all this was going on she found time to pass the Commonwealth Public Service examination and eventually go to Armidale, where she became secretary to the P.M.G.'s divisional engineer.

From her early years she always wanted to become a missionary.

3-day honeymoon

But her mother's opposition, and serious complications after an appendix operation which left her in poor health, decided her in her early twenties to concentrate on lay preaching instead.

During World War II she worked first for the Army Department and then became primary superintendent of the Methodist Young People's Department.

During this time she married Allen Hillard, of "Wayford Station," Armidale, and had a honeymoon of three days.

Estelle Hillard had never shown the slightest interest in politics or government in any form. Her father always voted Labor, her mother Liberal, and Estelle was in between, an independent who disliked the idea of parties.

But after her only child, Merris, was born in 1949 and the family moved in 1951 from a flat to John Street, where they had bought a house, everything changed.

The Hillards bought the house in February, 1951, only to discover in July, 1951, that the area, under the County of Cumberland scheme, had been made an industrial area.

That was the start of Estelle Hillard's seven-year battle.

"I was a complete innocent. I knew nothing about Acts and regulations. But I decided that the residents themselves should have the right to say whether McMahon's Point should be a factory area or a place where families like



ESTELLE HILLARD . . . known affectionately to her neighbors as "The Virago."

my own could live in peace.

"I went to the North Sydney Council. I was told the law was the law and I could do nothing to alter it. I bought a copy of the County of Cumberland Planning Act for 2/- and carefully studied it. I decided that the advice that I could do nothing was wrong!"

She started campaigns. She went from house to house. She persuaded owners to sign petitions and to fight for their rights as citizens.

She tried to get the Council to establish a children's playground — and a factory was put on the site instead.

She helped form a progress association, became its secretary, worked long hours to get 1600 people to sign a petition.

While she was telephoning, sometimes for a couple of hours at a time, or out seeing

people, badgering and persuading, her husband, home from his job with the Vacuum Oil Company, bathed the child or cooked a meal.

The Hillards' home life and social life almost ceased.

Chores were left. Buttons weren't sewn on. Sewing piled up. Books were seldom opened.

Only woman

Then, in December, 1956, Estelle Hillard was elected to the Council.

"I was the only woman on the Council, and as an alderman I was in a stronger position to fight — and I continued to fight with wonderful help from hundreds of people until we won."

Mrs. Hillard says that what she and all those who have helped her have done is to illustrate how society should function.

"People everywhere, and particularly women, are far too apathetic. They won't protest, won't try to get things done, won't fight to alter things that are wrong."

"Oh, what can you do about it?" is a dreadful cry in a democratic society.

"We have shown that citizens can get anything done if

they will co-operate and work hard.

"Right through this campaign my motto has been: 'If God be for us, who can be against us?'"

Mrs. Hillard smiled, took off her apron, smoothed her hair, and added:

"I suffer from anaemia. I feel dead beat."

"But now the real pressure's off I might have a chance to get the house tidy, talk to my husband about other things than clauses and sub-sections, do some sewing, play my piano, and read a novel."

Photographer Ron Berg and I were about to leave when a terrific thumping started in the next room—Mrs. Hillard's bedroom.

"Don't worry about that," she said, "that's only Fluffy and Frisky, my daughter's white rabbits. They're living at present under my bed."

"Their burrow in the backyard got blocked and my husband had to dig them out before they starved. They've been so scared ever since they won't leave under my bed."

Mrs. Hillard wouldn't say if she plans to go into State or Federal politics. I'd make her Prime Minister tomorrow.



THE AREA which Mrs. Estelle Hillard has helped save for residential development. This view of Sydney, looking south from North Sydney, shows the proposed huge blocks of flats which a group of architects have designed to replace the old buildings now on McMahon's Point. Work on the first block will begin soon.

on
everyone's
lips today!

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Dancers bring old Spain to monastery

● The floor of the stage was sticky, there were no costumes, no castanets, and only one guitar. But when Luisillo's company of Spanish dancers visited the Spanish monks and nuns at New Norcia, W.A., the main hall of St. Ildephonsus College became a part of Spain, celebrating the Fiesta de la Raza.

THIS "Festival of the Human Race" is celebrated by Spaniards throughout the world as the Fiesta of the Virgin of Pilar.

In Spain the Fiesta is a holiday, a day of religious observance and a day of general rejoicing, with fireworks at night and a banquet at home.

In Perth the dancers, with the only free day of their tour of the West, decided to visit

Australia's only Benedictine monastery, 82 miles from Perth.

New Norcia got its name from old Nursia, Italy, where St. Benedict, founder of the Benedictine monks, was born in 480.

The monastery was founded as a mission to aborigines in 1846.

Dom Salvado, the first Lord Abbot, was succeeded by Dom Torres, the explorer and missionary for whom Torres Strait was named.

The day began quietly with a special mass at the Church of the Holy Trinity.

Then the dancers and their hosts walked through a courtyard to St. Mary's Orphanage Hall for lunch.

The visitors were welcomed by the mission's aboriginal children in the courtyard, and greeted by the Lord Abbot of the monastery, the Rt. Rev. Gregory Gomez, O.S.B., at the door of the hall.

Inside, the Fiesta really

began. Benedictine Oblate sisters, eyes shining as brightly as their glazed wimples, crowded forward to talk shyly with the dancers about their homeland.

Toasts to Spain were drunk in warm, sweet Abbey wine made at the mission.

On came dish after dish of sardines in oil and chopped mint, followed by the national rice dish, Paella Valenciana, strong sausage and salads, cold turkey, olives and fruit grown on the 30,000-acre farm property of the mission.

Three birthday celebrants were at the luncheon, and everyone sang "Happy Birthday To You," the only English used during the day.

With a final "Viva" the men dancers took red carnations from the table vases and tucked them behind the ears of their partners.

Impromptu

Then, in the hall of nearby St. Ildephonsus College, the dancers gave an impromptu concert for the monks, nuns, and mission children.

They were introduced by Dom Gomez, wearing his distinctive purple skull-cap, or zucchetto.

One dancer wore slacks, a red pullover, and kept on his dark glasses. One of the girls was in a full-skirted summer frock with a cardigan. Another wore a woollen suit.

But when they began to



THE LUISILLO DANCERS put on an impromptu concert for the monks, nuns, and aboriginal children of New Norcia to celebrate the traditionally joyous Fiesta de la Raza.

dance these things were forgotten.

The monks and the nuns, thousands of miles and many years away from their homeland, could see the white stockings, the knee-length skirts, and the haircombs of the Aragon dancers, the white hats of the Valencia dancers.

They could even hear the flamenco castanets and heel-taps.

In their repertoire the Luisillo dancers had an item to suit the day, "Giants and Big Heads," the story of which centres on the Feast of the Blessed Virgin of Pilar.

They also performed other traditional dances based on Spanish folk-lore.

Things forgotten

The Mother Superior of the Benedictine sisters, Mother Felicitas, whose hometown in Spain is Burgos, confessed she had forgotten, after more than 30 years in Western Australia, many things about the Fiesta de la Raza.

An inspection of the monastery and its museum brought the day to a close.

In Spain, eight hours behind Western Australia, the Fiesta de la Raza was just rising to its climax as the dancers left New Norcia to return to Perth.

MEETING the Mission children are dancers (from left) Manolo Robles, Teresa Amaya, and Mercedes Ramos. Wearing beret is Enrique de Flores, a Spanish-born Australian who interpreted for us.

IN THE MUSEUM Father Mauro shows Flor Arauz and Fina Vivo (with flowers in her hair) a beautiful cope which is hand-embroidered in gold thread.



THE MONASTERY is out of bounds for women — but these three dancers of the company, Carmen Aracena (left), Luisa Mora (centre), and Antonia Mena, were allowed by Brother Ildephonsus to peep through a doorway into the courtyard.



THE LORD ABBOT, Dom Gomez (second from left), with Luis Roberto (left), stage manager of the Luisillo company, Luisillo, and Dom Catulan, Lord Abbot from 1914 to 1950.



Prize flower arrangements



First prize winner was the entry of the Kuring-gai Horticultural Society, the biggest district horticultural society in New South Wales. When the society decided to enter the competition, they formed a team to discuss colors, flowers, shapes, and arrangements and decided to present their entry as a single color-scheme unit. Most of the brilliant blooms and foliage came from members' gardens on Sydney's North Shore.

Second prize went to the Strathfield Home Gardeners' entry. The iris (extreme left) were arranged in the Japanese style by Mr. Joe Grose, of Dulwich Hill, who is a keen gardener and has made a hobby of flower arranging. Mrs. Grose did the striking arrangement of aspidistra leaves in the centre of picture, and the group of massed flowers for a foyer.



Third prize was won by the Richmond Horticultural Society. Members from Richmond, Windsor, and Kurrajong Heights travelled nearly 40 miles to Sydney to be at the Town Hall when the doors opened at 6.30 a.m. Many visitors to the exhibition commented on the old-world charm of these arrangements from one of the oldest settled districts in Australia.

Popular contest at Waratah Festival

● A decorative floral competition with prizes given by The Australian Women's Weekly was one of the outstanding attractions at the Royal Horticultural Society of New South Wales' exhibition during Sydney's recent Waratah Festival.

CROWDS packed the Lower Town Hall to view the prizewinning arrangements shown on these pages.

The competition was open to all societies affiliated with the Royal Horticultural Society of New South Wales. Competing societies had to choose six decorative units from 12 suggested types of arrangement. First prize winner was the Kuring-

gai Horticultural Society with a striking, well-planned exhibit.

The centrepiece in the Kuring-gai exhibit, a foyer arrangement by Mrs. Larry Ranson, won an additional prize for the best individual arrangement.

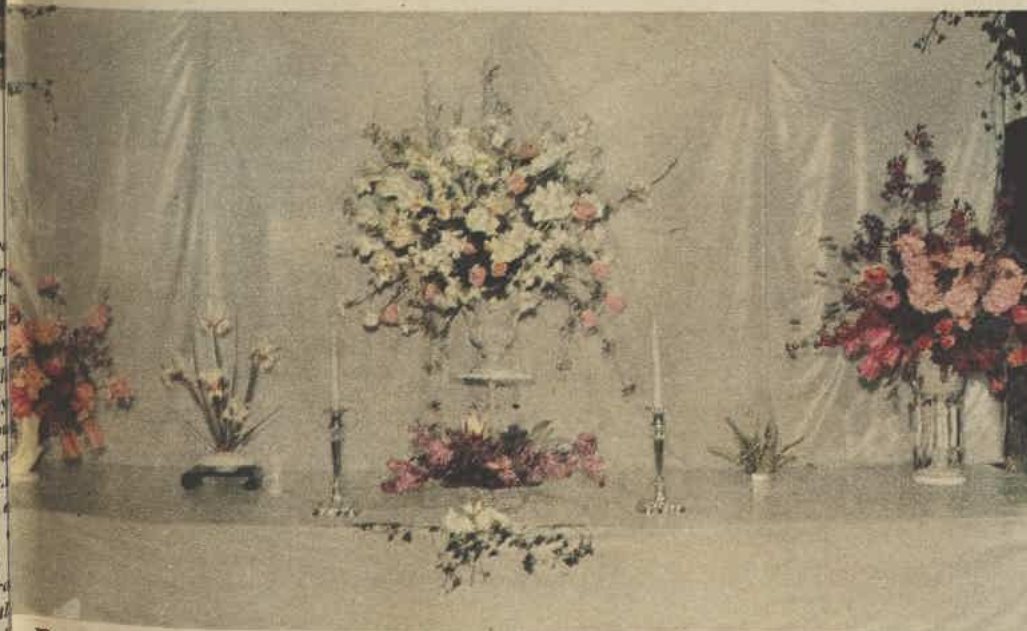
Strathfield Home Gardeners won second prize, Richmond Horticultural Society third, and Walcha Horticultural Society fourth.



● BRIDAL BOUQUET of cattleya and cymbidium orchids, with a white-covered prayer book and wedding ring, was made by Burwood florist Alan Hancock. It was part of the Strathfield Home Gardeners' exhibit.



● SPECIAL PRIZE for the best individual arrangement was won by this foyer arrangement by Mrs. Larry Ranson, of Turramurra. It took her four hours to arrange more than 60 blooms, which included iris, roses, lupins, stock, gladioli, arum-lily buds, and cymbidium orchids.



Fourth prize was won for the Walcha Horticultural Society by two members, Mrs. A. S. Nivison and Mrs. A. S. Gill. They travelled 330 miles to Sydney after a last-minute decision to enter. Some of the flowers came from Walcha, but few survived the journey and others had to be bought. AT RIGHT is a period piece arranged by Mrs. Gill in a Victorian lustre.





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silken-soft and lovely!

**RICHARD HUDNUT
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Dull, dry hair, limp, oily hair gain new silken beauty; hidden subtleties of tone are revealed. Every permanent "takes" better. Best of all, Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos. Made in two types to care for all kinds of hair.



Bubbles ...
1/3

**Economical
Bottles
5/6 & 9/6**

ECS21.143

FATHER



"That's what I call ingenious, Eddie boy!"

MOTHER



"I've got a get-well card — and I don't want to get well!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

IN "Lola Montez" The Elizabethan Theatre Trust has another winner.

The best way I can indicate enjoyment of this Australian musical is to tell you that I stayed awake all through the show.

If that sounds like faint praise, let me explain that I have slept through the second half of many a mid-week theatrical first night.

Some of them deserved better. But I am just as fond of sleeping as I am of the theatre, and a show has to be only a teeny bit boring to send me off in the second or third act. "Lola Montez" commands full attention. It's lively, amusing, and smooth. I'll be surprised if it's not a success overseas.

Though the flavor is authentically Australian in its present form, its goldfields setting—Ballarat, 1855, when adventurers from all over the world flocked to the diggings—makes it readily adaptable.

Americans who failed to understand the "Doll" should find it perfectly intelligible.

THE sets by Hermia Boyd are among the best ever seen on the Australian stage.

I specially liked the curtain of the Royal Victoria Theatre, Ballarat, with its old-fashioned advertisements surrounding a scantily draped nude lady and a cherub.

The advertisements—Cobra Boot Polish and Bile Beans among them—are genuine specimens of the period, copied from contemporary periodicals.

Nobody will swear that the notice in the hotel bedroom scene actually appeared in the United States Hotel, Ballarat, but something like it probably did. It reads: "Gentlemen will please remove their boots before going to bed."

There is also a tariff notice, too small to read from the circle. I'm told it includes rates for accommodation and stabling of horses, cash only.

It does NOT, however, ask guests to be out of the dining-room by 6.30 p.m.

THIS year I'm laying some plans for the Federal Elections campaign. I intend to get hold of a list of meetings.

Don't think I plan to attend them. The idea is to find out when they are to be held in my street—a favorite speechmaking stand—and arrange some visits to peaceful suburbs.

The amplifiers make the night hideous. I toyed with the notion of having some device rigged to the radio or TV and putting a loud-speaker just outside my window in competition. But there's probably a law against it.

AT University College, London, a professor is building a robot that will be able to speak, write, count, solve problems, and recognise faces.

The thing sounds so like the way I feel by Friday that it hardly seems worth while inventing a machine when there are plenty of zombie humans.

SYDNEY'S projected 26-story building makes exciting news.

In the past few years the face of the city has altered fast.

A controversy rages about the lack of co-ordination in design of the new-look city and the complainers may be right, probably are.

But if there's one thing like better than a steel-and-glass skyscraper it's a bigger steel-and-glass skyscraper.

The interiors of some of those already in existence are breathtaking to anyone brought up to believe all des-

are brown and that clutter is inevitable. However, the inhabitants of the new palace aren't always as happy as they ought to be.

A friend of mine called on an executive one of them the other day.

Having fought her way through the indoor plants, she arrived in a shrine with pale yellow walls, spacious, and commanding a magnificent view.

Shortly afterwards a tea-trolley arrived and she was offered tea in a pale yellow cup.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she breathed to the executive.

"Yes," he said. "It's so efficient compared with the old place. In the old days so much time was wasted. There were little tea clubs all over the office. People were always complaining that someone had stolen the biscuits or broken the cups. The secretaries wasted a awful lot of time making tea."

Then he dropped his voice to a whisper. "It was so cosy," he said. "I miss it terribly."

AN atomic clock on show at a British exhibition has proved that the earth takes a thousandth of a second longer to rotate on its axis than it did three years ago.

A thousandth of a second. Well, if true. Whatever it may mean to me or you. Is something that I frankly do not know. Nor greatly care. I just accept it's so. Spring passes into summer. Day to night. With some days overcast, some burning bright.

And humans live, rear children, age, and die, But seldom spare a thought to wonder why.

Time passes. Sometimes slowly. Sometimes fast.

Days, weeks, and years merge in a misty past.

The earth spins on as if it always will—And what would happen if it slowed or stood still?

I do not know. Nor do I care. Do you? Let's leave such weighty problems to the few.

Nuts to atomic clocks. Just look at mine. I'll have to fly to catch a bus by night.



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Compare the Smoothness

The extra length of fine tobaccos gives greater smoothness than is possible with any other cigarette. Rothmans invented the first KING SIZE cigarette in the U.S.A. in 1937 and the first KING SIZE FILTER cigarette in 1951. Despite attempts at imitations, Australia's most wanted cigarette is undoubtedly Rothmans KING SIZE FILTER.



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Famous for high bids at American tobacco auctions, Rothmans pay top prices for the world's finest Virginia leaf. Because these tobaccos are imported to Australia exclusively by Rothmans, no other cigarette can offer the KING SIZE Flavour that has made Rothmans KING SIZE FILTER Australia's largest selling filter cigarette.



Rothmans King Size Filter – Australia's most wanted cigarette

Do it yourself
with bobby pins—a perm
and set all in one!



pin-Quick

Richard Hudnut's special pin-curl Home Perm for
soft, casual curls
(particularly for modern, short hair styles!)

NO other home permanent is so easy to do as Richard Hudnut's Pin-Quick. Just put up your hair in bobby pins, apply the wonderful lanolin-rich waving lotion, follow with Magic Curl Control and that is all! When your hair is dry, take out the bobby pins and your hair is set in your favourite casual style.

Dries in minutes instead of hours... use a hair dryer, go out in the sun or sit in front of a fire or warm oven. Magic Curl Control makes Pin-Quick the only home permanent you can quick-dry... and it sets the wave in your hair and curls ends naturally and gracefully.

Pin-Quick leaves your hair beautifully clean and fresh with no unpleasant, after-permanent odours—smooth, shining, silken soft.



CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE sell Pin-Quick, the amazing, simple, easy-to-do home perm by Richard Hudnut... 13/-



Where's the WETTEX!

THE CUP CARNIVAL:

1887



PANORAMIC VIEW of the laien and outer at Flemington on Melbourne Cup Day, 1887. This is one of the earliest fashion pictures ever published of the famous race day, although the first Melbourne Cup was run in 1861. In these early days of crinolines and bustles, the Cup was just as much a fashion parade as it is certain to be this year.

From crinoline to trapeze

1930



ABOVE: At the Derby, Mrs. Norman Brookes (now Dame Mabel) and her daughter, Cynthia (now Lady Gengoult Smith).

RIGHT: Mrs. R. T. A. McDonald, Lady Hore-Ruthven (later Lady Gore), Lord Somers, Governor of Victoria, the Hon. Elizabeth Somers-Cocks, and Lady Somers.



● For almost a century now—from the days of crinolines and French bonnets to this year's chemise, trapeze, and Empire lines—the Melbourne Cup has provided field days for fashions at Flemington.

By
GLADYS HAIN

FOR fashion played its part even in the first Cup in 1861, when fewer than 5000 people watched Archer win the race and £200 prizemoney.

At this meeting Flemington had no grandstand, and the racetrack was merely a path

through the foot-high grass covering the course.

The only women present were a handful of wives of owners, trainers, and bookies, so there wasn't really a fashion parade. But there was a fashion note.

The men wore smart topers, all except Mr. R. G. Bagot, newly appointed secretary to the Victoria Racing Club, who wore a modified version of the ten-gallon hat, and the bookies, who were dressed rather like London's earlier pearly kings.

Mr. Bagot should be remembered with gratitude by all women who love a race day.

Even before this 1861 meeting, racegoing was an established sport in Melbourne.

The first races were held back in 1838 on a course covering the site of what are now the Spencer Street railway yards and finishing on Batman's Hill.

But it was Mr. Bagot, who as secretary at Flemington, determined to have a course to which women would like to go, and he soon issued two ladies' tickets to each member.

Mr. Bagot—an Irishman and trained engineer with architectural experience—dreamed of a fine course with lawns, a ladies' stand, luncheon-rooms, and, for the men, the amenities of a first-class club.

His genius for planning turned his dream to reality.

Each year more and more women attended the Cup. Before his death in 1881, the course had considerably grown in beauty and amenities.

Bagot's successor at Flemington was Mr. Byron Moore, whose ambition was to make the Cup a "fete champetre," similar to Longchamps. For racing to him was merely an incident in a good day's outing.

He succeeded so well that in 1912 a writer described the Flemington flat as a "merry family picnic kept humming by thousands who don't see a horse, much less a bookmaker, all day."

But what a picnic! From 1881 on, all roads on Cup Day have led to Flemington.

In the early years, before there were trains, the poorer racegoers walked to the course dragging their lunch hamper with them. But the smart "laddies of the village" went by drag, taking their women

1940



ABOVE: Sydney racegoer Miss Amber Jacobs (left), now Mrs. Angus Lightfoot-Walker, of America, with Miss Dorothy Temperley, of W.A., now Mrs. Jasper Read, of England. RIGHT: At the 1940 Oaks, Mrs. Fred Davey (left) and Mrs. Morris Sollmann.



Melbourne's oldest fashion parade

1898



PARASOLS dominated the fashion picture at Flemington for the Melbourne Cup of 1898. This is another scene on the lawn, which every November is still a gala fashion parade.

1900



FASHIONABLE RACEGOERS on the lawns at Flemington at the turn of the century. The years following the "Naughty 'Nineties" provided Flemington with the most lavish displays of millinery in its long, glamorous history, and women began using "paint" and powder much more.

1924



A FLOWING GOWN with a dropped waistline was worn with a cloche hat by Lady Stradbroke, wife of Earl Stradbroke, then Governor of Victoria, to the Melbourne Cup Carnival of 1924.

friends with them. And this was the women's hour.

They dressed in their finest for the occasion, at first in crinolines, with smart "French" bonnets and the inevitable parasols.

The crinolines were of stiffish silk or bombazine. And the bonnets, which no one ever admitted were anything other than Paris-inspired, were dashing affairs with "flirtation" ribbons, fitted well over the "waterfall" coiffures.

Some of the older women wore Windsor caps, a style set by Queen Victoria, the "Widow of Windsor."

Later the full crinoline gave way to the bustle, which was often worn with a train. And this type of dressing survived into the 'eighties.

But from the 'eighties an "armor of prudery" took over, and the feminine figure became a "solid block of masonry draped in flags and sackings."

This lasted till the women, tiring of this encasement in

whalebone and bustle, followed the lead of Alexandra, Princess of Wales, and started wearing straight skirts with an emphasis on sleeves, which often were the shape and size of a substantial leg of mutton.

Then came the famous "Naughty 'Nineties," a well-dressed era.

Women began using "paint" and powder much more, hair-styles changed, and with the discovery of a way to sew straw came the new straw hats.

Most women followed the Princess of Wales and wore theirs tilted forward, but gayer girls tilted them back and low on the head, with "Cado-gan" bows for trimming.

The fashionable matrons varied the scene with the Rubens and Rembrandt straws, trimmed with big feathers, weeping plumes, and aigrettes.

Cup crowds on the lawns during these years showed the most lavish millinery so far paraded at Flemington.

At this time beauty parlors opened in Melbourne, and

women began to use make-up extensively.

The Marcel wave made its appearance then, too, much to the advantage of the Plain Janes who'd resisted frizzing their hair with hot tongs, and the Gibson Girl brought the bloused top and sweeping skirt.

And what of male fashion during these years?

It also had many changes.

For 20 years after 1861 Flemington saw mostly bearded males in frockcoats and topers.

In the 'eighties, the beards gave way to luxuriant, face-covering moustaches, and striped trousers and black broadcloth coats became popular, with black silk topers and multi-folded satin ties.

This fashion has never gone out, and still threatens the grey ensemble that was once almost universal for the well-dressed man.

These were undoubtedly fashion's gayest years, and Flemington never looked more colorful.

Came World War I, and feminine fashions

ceased to demand that women look like "perfect ladies." Leisure time was limited, and with the more practical clothes women suddenly discovered they had arms, legs, and even knees.

In the 1920s, when chemises became the vogue, along with straight-up-and-down figures and cloche hats, Flemington saw its dowdiest years. And it has never quite recovered.

Though from time to time designers have brought in exotic styles, the 'twenties established uniformity in feminine dressing.

Today, as for the past 20 years, suits — light or dark, silk or wool — and long coats of light fabrics have dominated Flemington's landscape.

By 1930 women were feeling the influence of fashions from the Caribbean.

Nassau contributed the "planter" hat, and there was the Montego straw with its flat crown and wide brim.

Shallower and shallower became the crowns, wider and

wider the brims, till arms ached at Flemington from the effort to keep hat and head together.

Perhaps that was why in the 1940s the craze for small hats came and lasted.

Snoods, sailors, tricorns, doll's hats, postillions, and any shape that was diminutive were "right" for smart headwear.

World War II brought more austerity, but it wasn't much later that the "New Look" brightened the horizon and brought back the bosomy figure.

The 1950s brought another change in the fashion stakes — this time austerity, combined with smartness and neatness.

This year the traditional four-day Cup meeting should carry the scene back to the chemise era of the 1920s.

But whether women solidly follow the chemise, trapeze, and Empire lines, or stay conservatively waisted, the Flemington fashion parade is certain to be its usual crowd-pleaser.

1946



BEFORE THE CUP in 1946, the Government House party posed for this official photograph. Seated at the front are (from left) Sir Hugh Binnie, Governor of Tasmania; Lady Dugan; The Duke of Gloucester, Governor-General; Prince William and his young brother, Prince Richard; the Duchess of Gloucester; Sir Winston Dugan (later Lord Dugan), Governor of Victoria; and Lady Binnie.

1951



FOUR GOVERNORS were in the 1951 Government House party. At front are (from left) Lady Cross; Sir Willoughby Norrie, Governor of South Australia; Lady Brooks; Sir John Northcott, Governor of New South Wales; Lady Norrie; Diana Cross, now Mrs. John Taylor; Elizabeth Northcott, now Mrs. Russell Nash; Sir Ronald Cross, Governor of Tasmania; Jeanette Brooks, now Mrs. Robin Byrne. Sir Dallas Brooks, Governor of Victoria, is standing directly behind Lady Norrie.



A. 'CHA CHA'

Two half-slips in one! Bouffant nylon sheer daintily embossed with posies, tops an underskirt of stiffened nylon taffeta - 79/11

Not illustrated — 'Zsa Zsa' and jewelled 'Bon Bon' nylon half slips - - - 79/11

B. 'SUGAR 'N SPICE'

Delightful shortie 'jama . . . the yoke and panties frothed with filmy hand-smocked nylon, aglow with genuine 'Lurex' - 49/11

C. 'GAIETY'

Nylon night . . . a mist of fine pleating flowing to the hem from filmy nylon ruffles at the off-shoulder neckline - 115/-

'D. 'SPELLBOUND'

Exquisite styling, perfection of fit — in a nylon slip. Soft duo-tone flowers, hand-embroidered on nylon sheer, grace the bra and hem - - - 69/11

*she can't see a thing but
lingerie by . . .*

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alive with new color!

new beauty!

new styling in nylon!

The wonderful new fashion lines of Balmoral's Lingerie for Spring '58 will capture all eyes! Each garment is a perfect cameo in nylon, framed with dainty heirloom laces, fine pleating or hand-embroideries. Of matchless beauty . . . at matchless prices!

Balmoral's New Colors . . . Lilac-time, Flamingo — Citron Yellow — Misty Blue, Sugar Pink — Iced White — Ebony Black. Ask to see these, and matching garments. SSW-OS, 32-40, at all finer stores now!

IF UNOBTAINABLE WRITE BALMORAL TEXTILE MILLS, MELBOURNE, N.11.



PRETTY BRIDE Mrs. Max Gillis with her husband after their wedding at the St. Aloysius College Chapel, Milson's Point. Mrs. Gillis was formerly Lynne O'Connor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. O'Connor, of Earlwood.



FIRSTNIGHTERS at the gala opening of "Lola Montez" at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown, were Peter Benjamin (left), who wrote the lyrics for the show, and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Benjamin.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

CHRISTMAS is only eight weeks away and the first invitation for a Christmas party arrived this week. It's for a shipboard dance on TV Sydney given by Sydney's bachelors' committee, headed by Andrew Grimwade.

There'll be a giant Christmas stocking and a buffet dinner with all the trimmings — proceeds will go to Legacy.

FAIR-HAired Anne Nevill is off to Newcastle this weekend for the Spinners' Ball — she'll be the houseguest of Rosemary Hayes at Bar Beach.

LOVED, just loved, Mrs. John Broinowski's trapeze theatre coat in bright geranium-pink silk, which made a brilliant swirl of color in the crowded foyer at the Elizabethan Theatre. And voted the prettiest Directoire line yet — Mem Coogan's high-waisted dress in heavy cream satin and lace — and she wears her hair piled high on her head, Empress Eugenie style.

THERE'S a new home in Bathurst waiting for North Shore couple Alastair and Anne Robson and their children, Nicholas and Prudence, and they'll move up there in a couple of weeks.

WHAT a pretty bride Monica Lee made when she walked down the aisle at All Hallows' Church, Five-dock, to marry Max Mantach, of Lane Cove. Monica is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Lee, of Fivedock, and Max is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Mantach.

MORE than 200 guests drove to Camden for Pam Macarthur-Onslow's wedding to Paterson Saunders at the historic St. John's Church, Camden. Pam is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Macarthur-Onslow, of Hassall Cottage, Camden. After a honeymoon at Thredbo the young couple will live at Mudgee.

SPORTING sizzling suntans from Surfers' Paradise, Dr. Graham Thompson and his wife, Pam, are settling into their new flat in Abbotsford. Pam is the eldest daughter of Mr. F. W. Quinn, of Katoomba, and Mrs. Tom Eade.

SAID "bon voyage" to artist Frank Hodgkinson when I popped into his farewell exhibition of paintings at Terry Clune's gallery in Macleay Street — then later in the evening Gordon and Mary Andrews teamed up with Terry to throw a farewell party in the gallery. Frank leaves in a few weeks to take up his travelling art scholarship — wife, Van, and daughter Kate will follow a little later.

SON and heir for Marc and Mary Caillot, of Newcastle, will be christened Charles Smyth. Before her marriage Mrs. Caillot was Mary Smyth, of Goondiwindi.



ABOVE: President of the Junior Australian-American Association, Brian Northam (left), with Marlene Mathews (Mrs. Barry Willard) and U.S. Information Officer Dick Joyce at the Association's first cocktail party, which they gave at the Australia Hotel.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Russell Nash talking to the U.K. High Commissioner, Lord Carrington, before the opening of the highly successful Australian musical "Lola Montez." Mrs. Nash wore a short dress and jacket of embroidered cream silk taffeta.

BLUE-AND-WHITE color scheme is the choice of Margaret Ring, of Lindfield, for her wedding to Dr. James Burstall at St. David's, Lindfield, on October 31. After a trip to Tasmania they will live at Pymble.

HEAR that Penelope Evatt and Harry Seidler will be married on December 15 — after her Arts II exams. They're going to have a small family wedding, then fly off to Japan for three weeks' holiday.

TWO pretty girls, Jan Bruce and Margaret Hughes, looked cool and elegant in spite of the crush at the opening of "Lola Montez." They both wore short-skirted dresses in gaily patterned cotton — Jan's flowered in pink and grey and Margaret's white sprigged with blue and green flowers.



WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Jon McGeoch, who were married at St. Michael's Cathedral, Wagga, with their attendants (from left), Rob McGeoch, Patricia Lenehan, Bob Osborne, Margaret Lenehan, Phillip Kendall, Margaret Fitzgerald, Russell Green, and Narelle Garry. The bride was formerly Anthea Lenehan, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lenehan, of "Gillendinh," Narrandera, and Jon is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. B. W. A. McGeoch, of "Wanganui," Wagga.

Pink in Paris night-life



● Choose pink for your next party dress. On these pages we show five new ways to wear it in chiffon, faille, and satin — and in very different silhouettes. Each dress was applauded at the recent Paris autumn collections. The pink of the hibiscus flower and the gentle pink of sugar candy are both right in fashion. More news: A tier-skirted Charleston dress à la Chanel, and the new-again Empire line. Drapes, too, are in the picture, caught under the bosom and on the hipline. Complementing all this new prettiness is a rose trim

— BETTY KEEP.



● Allure of pink is seen in the Empire-line ballgown (above) made in silk faille. The dress is prettily wrapped under the bosom and the skirt is the new length shown in Maison Dior's autumn collection. Note the prettily embroidered shoes.

● Charleston dress by Chanel (above) is made in chiffon. The torso bodice moulds the figure, and a flurry of tier flatters the wearer's legs. A floor length scarf, attached to the strapless top, is worn to veil the shoulders.



• Day-length dance dress (above) designed by Pierre Cardin with a long torso bodice and decollete top. The graceful back-and-front skirt drape is caught with a rose trim on the hipline. The material is silk faille.



• Pink-satin party-goer (left) designed by Griffe. The dress has triangular shaping on the high, rising bodice; the skirt bells to the hemline. The bodice is held up with double shoe-string straps made in the dress fabric.



• Self-material drape provocatively flows over the bare-top, Empire-line sheath in Cardin's chiffon party dress (above). The drape is caught under the bosom with a rose trim. Shoes are matched in color to the dress.



The night you name the day — you'll be wearing *Goya* SKIN PERFUME

Coincidence? Perhaps. But the sparkling freshness of Goya Skin Perfume does do things for your personality. Use Goya Skin Perfume right after every bath. Revel in head-to-toe daintiness — surround yourself with its fragrance — a refreshing, persuasive, inexpressibly feminine aura.



Six luscious fragrances
— one for every mood

Passport—gay and sparkling
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Pink Mimosa—exotic, but delicate
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Skin Perfume 10/6

This is the loveliness of Goya

LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK • MELBOURNE

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WITH the elections so close, I wonder that no political party has thought to promise that tax deductions will be granted for tertiary education. Very often children who do well at school, but not quite well enough to win scholarships, are not able to attend a university because their parents cannot afford it. This thwarts the child in his ambitions, and deprives the country of a future professional man or woman. The deductions allowed for children up to the age of 16 are not large enough, but at least they help parents on average incomes to keep their promising children at school until the final year. Similar deductions should be allowed for all fulltime education, regardless of age.

£1/1/- to Mrs. S. Johnson, Nundah, Brisbane.

I AM often amazed at the unthinking cruelty of the average person. I recently returned to the town where I had lived before the deaths of my husband and only child. Old friends met me with every evidence of pleasure at my return, and sorrow at my loss. They said I must come to see them "sometime"; that they would give me a ring "sometime." And that is the last I have heard. I'm fond of them, and feel sure that in their way they are fond of me, but they just don't get around to doing anything about it. It makes a widow feel that without a man to accompany her she has no place in the lives of the people she would like to call her friends.

10/6 to "Widow" (name supplied), Townsville, Qld.

FOR a long time now the public has been instructed on safer driving to lessen the appalling death and accident toll. The only thing that will bring results is a gaol penalty for driving under the influence, or for any dangerous driving, without the option of a fine, and the cancellation of the person's driving licence. If the courts have not this power at present, then legislation should be passed to give it to them.

10/6 to H. Trousdale, Stockton, N.S.W.

TOO many people today do not observe basic kindnesses. Many people say they would never be guilty of cruelty to animals, yet they leave a dog chained up during the hottest part of the year, and leave poultry without water. How can anyone expect cruelty to cease in the world when it is still practised in our own backyards?

10/6 to Miss I. Lodge, Swanbourne, W.A.

I WAS one of the thousands who watched the recent Waratah Festival Procession in Sydney, and I was struck by the lack of applause. It takes a tremendous amount of thought and energy to present such a pageant, and for a lot of the marchers it must be quite a gruelling affair. Mostly they marched before a silent, unresponsive crowd. Have we become too thoughtless to show appreciation?

10/6 to Mrs. N. Davies, Bardwell Park, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WHAT a pleasure it is to shop in the all-too-few city stores which retain an odd chair or two for footsore customers. On my infrequent trips to town I see many improvements and alterations continually taking place, but the removal of the chairs cannot be listed as one of them.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Miller, Yallourn, Vic.

IN these days of emphasis on self-expression for children, I am always amazed at the dignified way the Royal children behave. Nobody seems to be the least apprehensive that they will play up, and they don't appear to be any less happy for such discipline.

10/6 to R. K. Wilson, Birchgrove, N.S.W.

Dressing children

I CANNOT help but feel sorry for Master Mackinley (Mrs. Mackinley's letter, 1/10/58), who at the tender age of five has to pick a plastic bag out of a drawer each day so he will be "correctly dressed." As a mother of three who puts out their clothes the night before and assists with the dressing of each in the morning, as well as preparing breakfast, I would really like to know what Mrs. Mackinley gains by this? In a properly run household, winter and summer clothes are kept in separate places. Would it really matter if the child dressed in red socks and green shirt? Pity the future wife of this boy, who, if she but knew it, should be stocking her glory-box with plastic bags!

10/6 to Mrs. Irene M. Linton, Boulden, W.A.

Family affairs

SINCE we have been playing "the mirror game" while brushing our teeth, my small daughter is much more enthusiastic about cleaning her teeth the right way. In this game, one player is the mirror, the other is the brusher. Mirror watches brusher closely, and copies her brushing movements, the roles being reversed when the former makes a mistake. This enables me to teach her how to rotate the bristles without nagging or fussing, and it is almost as much fun for mother as for child. I think children from about the age of four would be able to participate.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D. Trigwell, North Beach, W.A.

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I WAS pleased to learn that the love interest in the "Robin Hood" TV show is to be hotted up.

Until now Robin Hood and Maid Marian have been good pals, nothing more.

This is a tradition that goes back long before TV, and I've always found it hard to swallow.

Here you have a good-looking girl living in the forest with a gang of bandits. It would seem almost certain that someone will go steady with her, and as leader Hood has first claim.

Yet he keeps their association on a strictly business basis. Maid Marian, naturally, is hurt by his indifference.

She would like to write and ask someone for advice: "I have been camping with a very nice outlaw for several years, but he has never kissed me. What should I do?"

Marian is not to blame for the situation.

She is a warm-hearted girl, and her grooming is always fastidious.

BABE IN THE WOOD

The fault lies with Hood. An ambitious young robber, he thinks of nothing but his career. He is a man in a green flannel suit.

To get the romance moving, Hood must take more notice of Maid Marian.

I suggest a scene where she is



cleaning some arrows, and he walks up behind her.

Suddenly he says: "Marian, has anyone ever told you that you're— you're beautiful?"

"Oh, Robin, I suppose you say that to all the Maids."

"But it's true! What a blind fool I've been all these years!"

Hood soon becomes madly jealous, and cannot concentrate on his job.

The gang shake their heads.

"I don't know what's come over the boss. If he goes on like this he'll be loved by the bad and feared by the good."

"His archery is away below form. Yesterday he shot an arrow in the air, and it fell to earth I know not where."

To bring things to a head, Hood asks Maid Marian straight out: "Are you two-timing me with Little John?"

"No, I swear there are no other merry men in my life!"

He clasps her to him hungrily. "I'm crazy about you, Marian. I want to take you away from all this."

"Oh, Robin, I'm so happy! Do you think we could get a little two-bedroom place in Nottingham, with wall-to-walls and venetians?"

After that the show can be switched to domestic situation comedy. Possible title: "I Love Marian."

SUM-UP FOR SUMMER

● Now is the time to go about the business of being beautiful with arithmetical precision: you may need to **SUBTRACT** some weight . . . **MULTIPLY** your knowledge of cosmetic tricks that **ADD** up to beauty . . . and give it all your **UNDIVIDED** attention. There's more talk of this on the following pages. Here we feature a quiz to enable you to find just how well groomed you are.

1. Do you always take off ALL your make-up at bedtime?
2. Does your toenail and fingernail polish match (in one of the new light-toned corals or pinks); is it impeccable, and not beginning to peel?
3. Are all stray eyebrow-hairs tweezed into line?
4. Is your hair well brushed (100 strokes night and morning) and polished with a piece of silk?
5. Do you ALWAYS use a reliable deodorant?
6. Are your feet well pedicured — with any rough patches rubbed off with pumice and softened with hand-cream?
7. Do you weigh yourself once a week?
8. Are your legs immaculately de-fuzzed? Or, if that's not necessary, do you make sure any downy hair is invisible by a judicious application of peroxide mixed with a little ammonia?
9. Do you try a new make-up occasionally?

10. Do you pin up your hair at night if it needs it — no matter how tired you are?
11. Do you go to the dentist regularly, ensuring an attractive smile and pleasant breath?
12. Have you decided to work on a not-too-dark suntan this season, since a look of feminine fragility is the thing?
13. Do you wear more daring eye make-up now that it's definitely not restricted to evening wear?
14. Have you ever changed the color of your hair with a tint, a rinse, or sprayed-on color?
15. Before going out at night, do you freshen tired eyes by resting for a few minutes and covering them with cotton-wool dipped in cold water?

ing them with cotton-wool dipped in cold water?

16. Do you ever tone up your leg muscles — for example, by running up stairs on tiptoe?

17. Do you know that each day (to stay healthy) you must eat 1 egg, 1 pint milk, 4oz. meat, poultry, fish, or cheese, 1½ slices wholemeal bread, ½ cup cereal, 1 serving green or yellow vegetables, 1 serving citrus fruit, 1 piece of other fruit, and 3 teaspoons butter or other fats?

18. Do you pat over foundation and powder with a damp sponge to get a soft matt look?

19. Do you tone up your body after a shower by twisting a towel into a tight roll and rubbing it up and down your figure — especially over any flabby areas?

20. Do you spend a minimum of 10 minutes applying make-up in the morning to make sure your face stays pretty for hours without re-touching?

SCOREBOARD

AWARD yourself 1 point for each YES, zero for NO. The addition: 20, you're gorgeous; 19-15, good; 14-10, you try; 9-5, there's always hope; 4-0, ouch! Whatever your score, resolve to DO BETTER.

FIGURE +
FACE +
GROOMING
= BEAUTY



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Beauty that is skin-deep



If you intend spending happy hours on the beach this season, make sure you sun-tan carefully.

And don't forget that a golden tan is more fashionable (and prettier) than the "burnt toast" look.

Always protect your skin with oil or cream, and pay special attention to danger areas: thighs, the backs of your knees, your shoulders—too much sun on your neck can cause nausea and severe headaches—your nose, and your chest.

Your skin has been covered up all winter, so get used to the hot sun easily—especially if you're fair-skinned. Limit

yourself to 10 minutes' sunbaking the first day, then 20 minutes, and so on, till you can spend an hour or two without any ill effects.

It's commonsense, too, to dispense with exotic make-up on the beach. Rely on a good foundation, waterproof mascara and eyebrow pencil, and a bright lipstick.

If your hair is inclined to be unruly, discipline it with one of the currently popular headache-bands. And brush out all the salt and sand when you get home, using a little cream to stop any brittle or drying tendencies.

**SUM-UP FOR
SUMMER**

THE WAY TO SHAPE

● Have you tried the pinch test? If you can pinch an inch of fatty tissue on diaphragm, hips, or back, it's time to diet and exercise into shape. These exercises will help. Give them 10 minutes every morning. Important: For all of them, hold in the stomach.



LEFT. Posture is all-important in training muscles. Stand straight, with knees together, body erect, arms held loosely.



LEFT. For the "squat" exercise stand straight, then bend knees, and sit on heels so toes support weight. With back erect, rise slowly, but don't touch the floor.

RIGHT. For stomach muscles, sit on floor with legs straight in front. Touch toes with fingertips without bending knees or lifting legs.



BELOW. Lie flat on floor with arms close to body, hands palms down. "Pedal a bicycle" in the air.



ABOVE. Lie flat on floor. Raise legs about two feet off floor and lift arms above head. Slowly lower legs and arms. Repeat.

BELOW, RIGHT. To tone all muscles: Lie flat on floor, palms down. Without moving arms or bending knees, lift torso till shoulders only touch floor. Then with straight legs touch floor behind head.

BELOW, LEFT. Lying flat on floor with palms down, raise legs and bend knees. Then slowly lower legs. Keep head on floor.



SUM-UP FOR
SUMMER

A HOME FACIAL



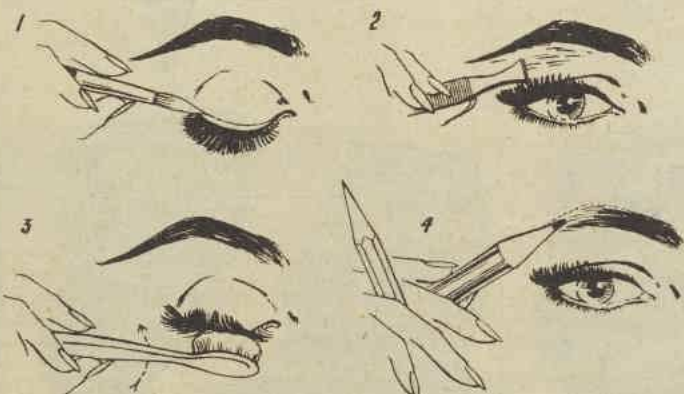
1. Cover face, neck with cleansing cream. Stroke from chin to temple and over cheeks with a rhythmic movement.
2. Massage each side of jawline with well-creamed fingers, beginning at the chin and moving smoothly towards the ears.
3. On forehead, massage upwards with gentle strokes. This helps relax muscles and iron out any frown lines.
4. Continue massage up neck and across chin from ear to ear. Massage fine skin on neck to help prevent any wrinkles.
5. With spiralling movements, massage with fingertips from mouth corners to the nostrils with gentle lifting strokes.
6. At jawline, spiral along sides, working more vigorously over the bone. If fingers are starting to dry, apply more cream.



7. Starting at centre forehead, spiral outward. Repeat at different levels, covering the area from hairline to eyebrows.
8. Repeat spiralling massage down each side of nose. This steps up flow of blood in the artery which is beside the nose.
9. Relax face muscles. With both middle fingers, tap briskly (as if drumming) from mouth corner to nostril.
10. Use all fingers to tap across jawline. Massage should follow an upward trend to prevent any stretching of skin.
11. Gently tap round eye sockets—where the fine skin is delicate—in a sweeping semi-circular movement.
12. Lastly, tap in and outwards over eyebrows several times. Remove cream, and tone up skin with astringent.

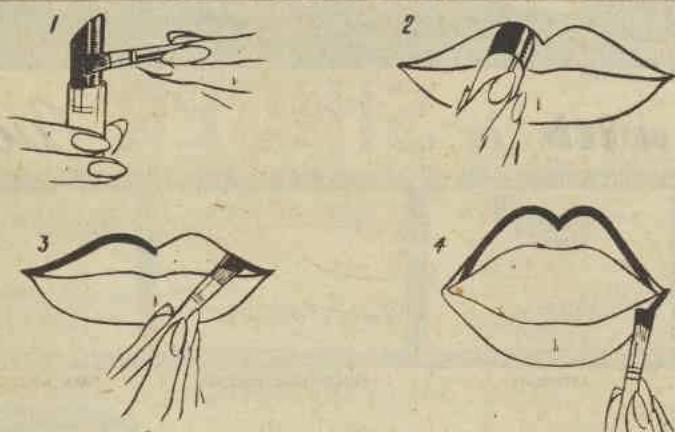
EYES

ARE your eyes large, luminous, lovely? If not, today's eye cosmetics can help. Eye-shadow applied with a brush (diagram 1) is easier to control. Small eyes need matching shadow in a thin line along edge of upper lid. For deep-set eyes, apply medium light tone centrally on lid. A full eye looks slimmer with shadow at outer edge lifted outwards to brow. Heavy lids appear lighter with subtle shadow entirely covering them. Diagram 2 illustrates eyebrow-tidying manoeuvres. Always pluck from beneath brow. As shown in diagram 3, always brush eyelashes upwards to encourage curl. To make sparse eyebrows look heavier, apply grey pencil strokes before normal brown ones, as shown in diagram 4.



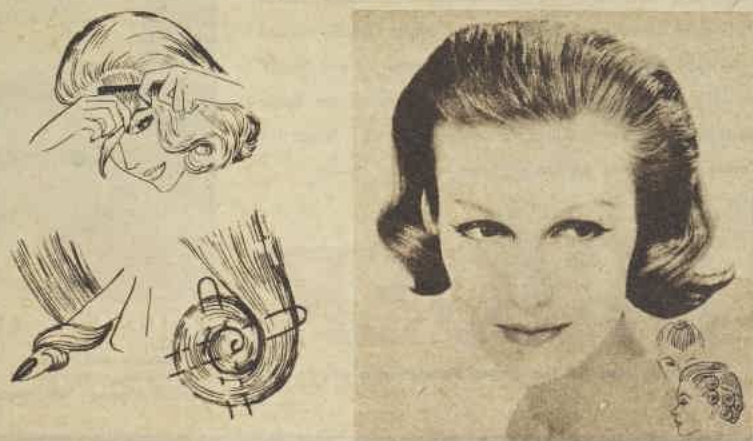
MOUTH

ALTHOUGH heavily over-made-up lips don't add up to glamor, there are tricks to make any mouth prettier. The secret is in using a lip brush. As in diagram 1, coat brush with color from side, leaving top of lipstick in shape, to round the Cupid's bow (diagram 2). Correct outline of upper lip with brush (diagram 3). For good outline tauten corners when coloring (diagram 4). With thin lips, extend color fraction past natural outline and to edge of mouth; thick lips need color applied inside natural contour. A wide mouth looks narrower with color stopped short of outer corners and bow's curve increased; a small mouth appears bigger with curve to corners accentuated slightly.



HAIR

YOUR home-style shampoo and set can take on a professional look if you follow a few easy rules. Shampoo your hair (cream for dry hair, liquid for oily) till it squeaks when you stroke it. To set in pin-curls, follow these diagrams. Section out a piece of hair and comb in direction you want the curl to follow. Wind the hair round your finger, slip it off, and anchor it with two hairpins. The illustration at right is a simple-to-manage style for the beach girl; the diagram at extreme right shows how it's pin-curved.



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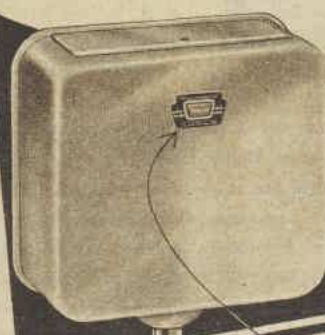
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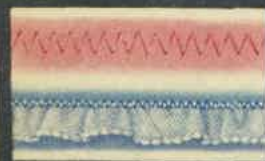
As easy to operate as pressing a bell! Picture COSCO in your home — smart, modern styling in a choice of 23 popular colors at no extra cost! Equally suitable for covered and uncovered areas — Special 6-pint model for low-snapage toilet installations. Fully approved by Sanitary Authorities everywhere.

Three spring frocks for the price of one!



FROCK PATTERNS BY SIMPLICITY ACCESSORIES BY DAVID JONES

Sew and save with a SINGER Automatic!



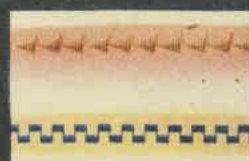
ZIGZAGS



BUTTONHOLES



APPLIQUES



FANCY DISC STITCHES



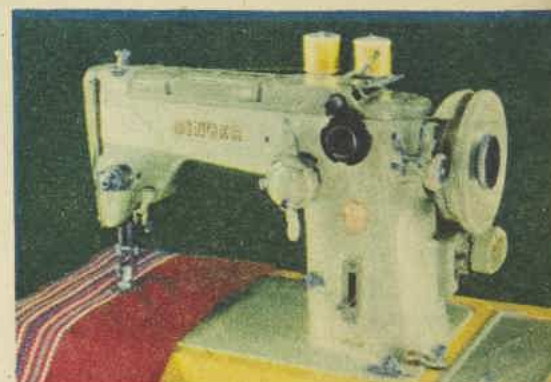
TWIN NEEDLE STITCHES



MONOGRAMS

Fresh spring fashions are a family affair—automatically with Singer! This smart Mother made these three spring frocks for the price of one ready-made. And look at the high fashion finish . . . so easy with a Singer. It solves every sewing problem. Effortlessly, perfectly, automatically! Not surprising really . . . **IT'S THE WORLD'S BEST SEWING MACHINE.** Thousands of different stitches at the flick of a lever! Singer Automatic subtracts all the fuss, leaves

you the fun. It's as easy to own as it is to use . . . low deposit, 24 months to pay. An investment in Singer returns a lifetime of service. The network of Singer Centres around Australia carries a complete range of parts for any Singer of any age! Blossom out this spring, dress-up the home and save, too, with a Singer Automatic. There's a Singer for every budget . . . 16 models from which to choose.



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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The ballerina formal illustrated here was chosen for a young reader who is attending a Christmas dance.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"ON the first Friday in December I've been asked to a dance in the city, and the invitation is for formal dressing. My mother intends making my frock, and I said I would write to you for the style and a pattern. I want a fitted waist and bare top, and would like it in white or pastel tulle trimmed with lace. I take a 34in. bust size. Would you illustrate the design as soon as possible, or forward an individual sketch to the above address?"

The dress I've chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at right. It has a strapless bodice top and fitted waist. The horizontal lace insertion on the bodice is matched to lace stripes on the apron front, which is posed over a full skirt. A matching tulle stole completes the outfit. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Lines under sketch give further details and how to order.

"WOULD you please tell me what suit styles are being worn this season? I am a young married woman and want to buy a linen suit, but don't want anything too outstanding."

A popular suit is one with a semi-fitted silhouette, and it need not be too exaggerated. For instance, an easy-waisted, classic-type jacket, single-breasted and reaching to hip-length, could be finished with three-quarter-length uncuffed sleeves and worn with a slender skirt. Suitable for under the jacket, an overblouse finished with an uncollared oval neckline and short sleeves. The blouse should finish approximately three inches below the waistline.

"I HAVE some plain rayon material, rather like linen, that I intend having made in-



to a two-piece casual outfit. I want a pleated skirt, or at least some pleats in the skirt. I am tall and fairly slim, and like anything new and unusual in fashion. I would also like an idea for the hat."

A two-piece sportswear outfit with a 1920s feeling would be new and chic. Have a long-waisted sleeveless top with an easy fit and finished with a tiny Peter Pan collar. The skirt would look best pleated all around. A head-hugging cloche turned back off the face in front and made in the

DS334. — Ballerina evening dress and matching stole in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 11yds. 108in. tulle and 4yds. 36in. material for slip. Price 7/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

same material as the dress is my suggestion for the hat.

"DO you think white rayon linen would be suitable for a sunsuit?"

Yes, I do. White in the sun, especially with a suntan, looks wonderful.

THE LAUGH WAS ON ME

● Here are this week's winners in The Laugh Was On Me Contest. Every week we award £2/2/- each for the two best entries.

DURING my period as a trainee nurse at a large Sydney hospital, I entered the examining doctor's room full of confidence and importance, thinking I had all the clues. As a final question the doctor asked me the maximum dose of morphine for a patient. Instantly came my reply: "Four grains, doctor." As I was moving away I quickly corrected myself: "I mean, a quarter grain." He replied: "Sorry, nurse. Patient's dead."

£2/2/- to Mrs. W. Mawson, Ashgrove, Qld.

Send your entries to The Laugh Was On Me, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

MY husband and I wrote daily letters to each other when he was a patient in an R.A.A.F. hospital for three weeks and I was unable to visit him. When he came home I unpacked his bag and found that he had kept all my letters. Deeply touched, I inquired where he wanted me to put them. "Oh, you can burn them," he said flatly. "In the hospital we had nowhere to put our rubbish."

£2/2/- to Mrs. K. C. Tyler, Wagga, N.S.W.

A deodorant soap
that's a Beauty soap, too!



and gentle Tact
protects your complexion
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Tact safeguards your
freshness all over, all day, as
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Gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past. You see, Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene. And it's G11 which washes away up to 95% of the germs which actually cause perspiration to decompose, become offensive.

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When you wash beforehand with Tact, your complexion is protected underneath your make-up. For gentle Tact washes away up to 95% of the bacteria which ordinary soaps leave on your skin, free to cause trouble beneath your make-up. And Tact, with G11, stands guard against new germs, too! It's ideal for teen-age skin problems.

Buy Tact Deodorant Soap in the big bath size and save money.



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BLEMISHES

BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP
NOW FROM CHEMISTS
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NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT



After All

By ENID BOULTER

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

RECEIVER poised, Jane Weare hesitated. "Well, Sylvia, it's sweet of you to ask me. Who else will be there?"

"Just Don and I and his cousin. But it's rather gala, because we're going on afterwards, so wear your glamor, won't you?"

"Well, thanks very much," Jane agreed, weakening. "Dinner at six sharp at Sylvia Hegarty's, Wednesday. All right, I've made a note of it. And, by the way, what is the Talents Club?"

Sylvia giggled. She was young enough to make it sound charming. "Just the gang, you know. We have lots of fun and call it working for charity. We're hoping you'll join, since you'll be useful as well as ornamental!"

Jane had met these two at Carter's when she had arrived there a few weeks earlier to take charge of advertising. Carter's was the only really high-class fashion shop in Baslington, which was quite a progressive little inland city. Sylvia and Don both worked at the store in different departments. Both were absurdly young and in love, two attributes Jane usually found rather trying. But they had been very kind and helpful. As she had no other friends yet in Baslington she thought it was nice of them to have included her in their party.

Jane wore her best suit. A fetching affair in misty-grey. She added a frivolous scarf in flamingo-red, a foil for her unusual shade of dark red hair. At thirty Jane saw herself as the dedicated career girl, worldly, disillusioned. In company she appeared always rather withdrawn and mysterious, which kept her at a comforting distance from other people. She always stressed her love of luxury and independence, her ambition, because she didn't want others to suspect that she was not nearly as self-sufficient, really, as she liked them to believe. She hoped in time habit would transform her act into the real thing.

She walked down to Sylvia's flat, from where she boarded, so that the exercise would lend her color and vitality. Wanting to look her best, not only because it was pleasant to be admired but because a feeling of confidence helped to preserve the illusion. I mustn't let myself get bored, she reminded herself not too hopefully. Unwilling to admit even to herself that boredom was often only another word for loneliness.

The tiny flat was very modern and most attractive. Don had built most of the furniture himself quite expertly. Sylvia had made all the soft furnishings. It was rather a jolt to realise that these two, whom Jane had regarded as a mere pair of mooning babies, could be so competent and sure of themselves. She was wholeheartedly admiring their home and wishing she had something like it of her own when the cousin walked in.

For a moment she felt herself flaring. Stephen Gill was the very last person she had expected to see, considering that he lived in the capital. There was a humiliating sense of anti-climax in suddenly coming face to face with a man you knew you could have made a fool of yourself over years ago, given the chance. Steve hadn't changed in those six years. He had always been quietly and enviably self-possessed, with a lean, dark, clever face. Had always been able, as far as Jane was concerned, to dominate a room, a conversation, a horizon, while saying less than anyone else, and appearing to be wholly occupied with his own amused thoughts.

"Why, hello, Jane!" he said. "Nice to see you again. I'm glad they've paired us off, now I shan't have to expend energy on protecting myself. Unless you've changed your ideas about matrimony lately?"

"I haven't. You're perfectly safe," she assured him, and they all laughed. Steve explained that he was in Baslington for a few days on business. Jane made some non-committal remark, hoping no one noticed her confusion. Don served sherries and Sylvia was putting finishing touches to the table. Apart from the floral arrangement she added nothing but an empty wooden bowl, soup spoons, and condiments.

"Is this the new fashion?" Jane asked, amused.

"Economy pattern," Steve explained. "If you find the soup undrinkable, you pour it into the bowl. But you get nothing else!"

Sylvia told him to be quiet. She was a tiny thing, misleadingly fragile-looking. "I was afraid you wouldn't come if I told you the truth," she confessed. "You see, the club is raising money for the local hospital appeal by holding a series of Progressive Dinner Parties tonight. We have soup here and go on to Frank and Ila's for fish, and the six of us then go out to Stan and Connie's for the meat course, the eight of us have dessert with Wendy and Dean, and —"

"Eventually all ten of us wind up at the Palais for a dance," Don concluded. "We've about thirty members, all told, so they should do well out of us at two shillings a course and five shillings a ticket!"

"But I'm not dressed for a dance!" Jane protested. The whole idea sounded fantastic, and for the moment she was quite annoyed to think they had played such a trick on her.

"Oh, don't worry about that," Don laughed. "Dressing is strictly informal. The main idea is to have fun!"

The soup proved delicious. Jane herself had never found time to learn to cook or to sew. You really haven't a thing to feel superior about, she told herself, and felt her confidence ebbing.

"What made you take up advertising?" Steve asked her suddenly. "Weren't you about to conquer the world as a dress-designer?"

"More money!" Jane responded airily. But she flushed, deciding not to explain that she had found her ability to entice custom by artful words more successful than her artistic efforts. She would rather Steve should continue to think her mercenary and superficial than that he should know how nearly, for a while, she had failed to make good.

"That's all you ask of your career then?" he pursued. Looking up she saw the laughter in his eyes and took it for mockery. This man had once told her she wasn't even as real as a walking-talking doll. She could never forgive him for that.

She laughed sweetly. "Oh, that among other things! Absolute independence, no obligations, and responsibility only to and for myself."

Steve did not answer and Jane heard her own words echoing foolishly on the air for far too long. But, fortunately, at this point they all had to make a move and left soon after in Steve's car for the next course with Frank and Ila. Whoever they might be.

They had a house in the exclusive Lake Steen area that must have cost thousands. Frank Smith was stout and shortish and already losing his front hair. His tall, thin wife wore her good clothes well and looked a typical committeewoman. Meeting people for the first time Jane always tended to pigeonhole them, forgetting that as soon as she got to know them she invariably wondered why she had ever thought they resembled any but themselves.

Jane's weakness was for luxury, prestige, and the pleasures of being waited on. Born a duchess, but not required, as her mother had often said of her. But after a while she had to admit that there wasn't the same attraction about this place as there was about Sylvia's modest home. These people, too, were really rather limited. They based all their values on the cost of anything, not on the satisfaction of having used their own imaginations and energies to create something for themselves. Yet, until this moment, Jane knew she hadn't appreciated the difference. Which was another blow to her self-esteem.

The fish was exquisitely served with an exotic wine sauce. But Jane didn't really enjoy it because, as the only stranger present, all the others seemed to concentrate on making her the focus of attention. Which, though it should have been flattering, only served to make her uneasy.

"You must have such an exciting kind of life!" Ila remarked with the kind of laugh that gave the impression she found

Jane rather disreputable. "Competing with all those men! You've never thought of marrying, I suppose?" she inquired, apparently unaware that she was being delicately rude.

Jane sensed Steve's smile. "No, never," she responded briefly. "I'm much too selfish."

Sylvia took up the challenge. "Why, Jane's the most generous person I know!" she declared. Laughing, with rising color, Jane was stung into sudden defence of her well-worn pose.

"I was only in my teens when I vowed I would never be poor again," she commented. "Would never face any more responsibility for others or run the risk of being disappointed. I've seen the light go out in too many fairy-tale romances. I'm a realist and prefer to live for myself. Life's so much more predictable on one's own."

"Oh, but don't you think," Ila appealed, "there may be unexpected compensations?"

"No," Jane repeated stubbornly. "Or none that I can't acquire for myself with far less strain."

Steve was still watching her. Perhaps his smile meant that he thought she was protesting rather too much. Or he might only have been confirming his earlier poor opinion of her. Jane assured herself that it didn't matter in the least what Steve thought.

Frank took the plate round collecting florins. Jane had run out of small change and felt self-conscious when she put in a ten-shilling note. They might think she was trying to impress them with her affluence. But when Ila offered her change, perversely she refused it. Her pose of complete self-possession was beginning to wear thin. She found herself envying Sylvia and Don, who could afford to be simply themselves.

They took their seats in Steve's car again, Frank and Ila gliding ahead in their own. Now they headed out into green countryside where Stan and Connie waited to serve duck and green peas. Jane felt that she had eaten quite enough already, but none of the others seemed even to have heard of calories.

Steve seemed to be deriving great amusement from some secret joke. In the back seat Sylvia and Don sat with their arms round each other, just as if they had met after long absence. Jane couldn't help being acutely aware of them, and knew that it was this fact that Steve found so amusing.

Stan Horton's house was weatherboard and shabby. It rambled under big old trees on a rising grassy slope rather pleasantly parklike. A tethered calf bleated at their approach, answered soothingly from across the fence by a benign-looking cow. Children gushed out of doors to raid Steve's pockets for lollipops. Jane, however, the stranger in their midst, they offered only sly glances and monosyllables.

This was no showplace. The furniture was shabby and had done heavy duty for a few generations. Yet there was a warmth here that made Frank and Ila's place seem sterile by comparison. Here when they asked you to sit they had first to dislodge a dog or cat, a toy, a pile of small garments. Stan was a schoolteacher by profession but a farmer by inclination. He revelled in their appreciation of his efforts, which included the duck and all the vegetables.

Nobody could have helped liking Connie or knowing that she was absolutely in her element with six growing children to care for. Plumply pretty, she radiated contentment. When

It had been a wonderful evening, Jane thought, as they circled dreamily to the music



she looked at her quite ordinary and socially rather dull husband her eyes glowed with pride. These two, Jane thought, don't really need outsiders at all. They're friendly and kind, but they live in their own private world.

Connie just naturally put Jane and Steve together. She was the kind who takes it for granted that where there's a girl there's a boy. Steve was obviously amused by her assumption and took the opportunity to pretend to a confidential intimacy with Jane at least as noticeable as that between Sylvia and Don. He leaned close and spoke in low tones, under cover of several other eager conversations.

"Don't you think this is a wonderful place?" he asked. "Doesn't it make you envious and homesick?"

"No. Why should it?" Jane returned casually.

"I adore motherly women," Steve confided. "You know, Jane, all men are little boys at heart who long to be tucked up warm at night with a kiss and to know that when they come to grief there's a soft spot to lean against and be comforted. Haven't you ever wished," he said, "that you'd been born that kind of woman?"

Jane looked at Connie, who had stopped eating to console one of the twins, who had inadvertently bitten his own tongue and burst into noisy tears. The tot rubbed his face against her obviously best dress, leaving sneaky marks. But you could see that Connie's concern was not for her clothes. She just lived for these importunate youngsters. Even the rare chance of a night out alone with her husband would take second place. No matter how good a time she has, Jane thought, she'll be thinking of them all the while.

"Some men," Jane remarked, "might not enjoy being pushed out of place by a succession of babies until they were obliged to queue up to get any attention at all!"

Steve looked at her and laughed. He probably thinks I'm jealous, Jane thought, smiling back. She could very well imagine a woman wanting to be the one Steve came home to for comfort, but she couldn't see herself ever being able to display affection openly like Connie and Sylvia. Nor could she ever be a mere yes-woman like Ila. In fact, love was something she always tried to avoid thinking about if she could. In her mind it was like time-payment and family mortgages, as something that demanded your last ounce.

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A short story complete on this page

By YVONNE TOBITT

DEAR, KIND HENRY

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIPPS

HENRY was a neat, unassuming sort of fellow who worked for an insurance company. He was unemotional, but friendly, and most people liked him because he never pushed himself or threw his weight about and because he was so good-tempered. You never heard Henry raising his voice and making a scene. If he didn't agree with you he was quiet about it and nice to you, as if you were more to be pitied than blamed.

Henry married a girl called Jennifer, who talked a lot and laughed a lot, and never remembered any of the mundane things like putting out a note for the milkman, but knew a lot about authors and what they write about, because when she wasn't talking and laughing she mostly had her head in some book. And she would look up and say, "Listen, Henry, listen to this . . ."

Unfortunately, Henry was always too busy doing all the little things about the house which she should have been doing to listen, and when she'd been married a while she just read them to herself, and when she'd been married about a year she gave up reading them altogether and tried to be a good wife, because she had such a very good husband.

But it was hard for her, because however well she did anything she never seemed to do it well enough. If she ironed a shirt beautifully she forgot to sew buttons on it, and if she remembered not to let the potatoes burn she forgot to put salt in them. Henry was never mean about such things—he was just patient. He even sewed the buttons on himself. And he ate the potatoes without complaint, and whenever she cooked any afterwards reminded her, without fail, to put the salt in.

She talked a lot, at first, and it was all about things you couldn't touch and things which did not affect Henry personally. Like space travel and orange groves in Spain and how she felt when she went swimming. She loved idle talk, speculative talk, dreamy talk. Henry stopped listening properly, after a time, because it didn't seem to get them anywhere.

When he talked, it was to ask sensible questions like had she remembered to ring the coalman, or call in at the cleaner's, or pay her grocery bill. And after a while she talked less and less, because she knew he didn't listen, and, anyway, she was too busy seeing to all the things she should be doing about the house to have much time or energy left for talking.

They had a nice little house, but, as Henry said, it wouldn't stay nice for long unless they were constantly redecorating and cleaning and tidying to keep it in tip-top condition. And they had a nice garden, but if you looked about on the grass, and enjoyed it, soon it wouldn't be nice enough to enjoy, and you had to keep weeding and clipping and watering it if you didn't want it to be like the wilderness next door where the people lay about and enjoyed themselves all the time.

Sometimes Jennifer said, "We seem to be very busy, don't we, just looking after us two people? All this working away to keep things nice . . ."

Henry smiled. "I can't bear to see anything neglected and shabby," he explained. "You'll get used to my way of doing things. I like to take care of everything I own. I feel a responsibility."

He took care of Jennifer. He saw that she went to bed in good time and ate well, and once a week he took her to the pictures or maybe out for a drink. He was sweet about her drinking. He always chose drinks which wouldn't intoxicate her

"Darling, look, he waited for me to wipe his feet!" Henry called out to Jennifer.

too much and wouldn't fatten her and wouldn't give her a headache, and he discouraged her from having more than two or three for her own sake.

Anything she wanted she could have. Only sometimes it was obvious to him that she didn't really want what she thought she wanted, and if he persuaded her a little and teased her a little he could talk her out of it.

He had great power over her, because she loved him and realised how good he was to her and admired his methodical brain and his tolerance of her untidiness and bad memory. And she felt guilty. Henry was a right person. He was always right. And worse than that, he was so kind about her being always in the wrong.

He never lost his temper and raved at her. He was patient and calm, and when she stuck things haphazardly in a cupboard because she heard him coming in at the front door and didn't want him to find the room untidy, and then he went to the cupboard and found them, he didn't say a word, just took everything out and found proper places to put everything, and she felt a messy little horror who didn't even try to be a satisfactory wife.

Her mother had a little dog, Henry didn't mind it, it was a nice little dog, but it brought a lot of mud in on its feet and he didn't like that a bit. You could see it in his patient expression, as he took the dog out and wiped its feet on a piece of towel, and the nervous way

he watched it, in case it jumped up on the furniture.

When Jennifer's mother went abroad they had the dog with them. It was hard on Henry. It taxed his good temper to the utmost. He forgot the things which usually worried him, like greenfly on the rose bushes and cigarette ash on the hearthrug and socks which had been stuffed into the drawer without being darned, and concentrated on the dog.

It was a nice little dog, a dear little dog, but it had been spoiled. It had been allowed to run all over the house and put its muddy paws on clean dresses and lick well-polished shoes and bark with mad eagerness when anybody came to the door. Henry could see that he must train it if it was to stay in the house for any length of time.

He took it for walks, and patiently, thoroughly, checked it when it strained on the lead, longing for the mad run up the road which Jennifer gave it, and, because it was an intelligent anxious-to-please little dog, in no time at all it walked quietly by his side, its tail drooping, the eagerness drained out of it.

In the house, when the doorbell rang, Henry quietly held its mouth, and said, "Quiet, now, boy," and fed it a biscuit afterwards to show it that good behaviour had its reward. He never shouted at the dog or struck it. He believed in kindness and perseverance.

The hardest thing was preventing the dog from rushing in from the

garden with muddy paws. They had a light-colored carpet in the sitting-room which Jennifer had chosen. Henry hadn't realised how much of a headache it would be when he had bought it. He had thought that people wiped their feet before entering anyone's home, and to find that they didn't and that he had to clean off ugly marks when they had gone was an unpleasant shock.

Human visitors were bad enough, but the dog was a fantastic worry. Instead of two feet, it had four, and it had short legs, so that it had to run with little strides everywhere, and in a matter of seconds, if you weren't constantly on the alert, there were hundreds of muddy little stars all over the carpet.

It had been raining for days, and something had to be done. He had wanted to spend the afternoon painting out the bathroom, but the dog came first. He put on a mackintosh, took the dog out into the garden, and let it get itself muddy. Then he took it to the back door and made it stand still and have its feet wiped. Then he let it in. He did this repeatedly for an hour.

After a break, during which he repainted a kitchen chair which Jennifer had chipped by accidentally banging a saucepan against it, he took the dog out again. After another hour he sent it out on its own. Uncertainly, the dog trotted back to the house, hesitated, then waited at the door for Henry to wipe its feet.

Henry was delighted. He picked it up in his arms, patting it and

praising it. Jennifer was in the kitchen. She stood very still, watching him. Her face was expressionless.

"Darling, look, he waited for me to wipe his feet! You clever old dog!" Henry picked up the towel and rubbed the dog's paws dry, laughing at it and tickling its stomach. "You see?" he said, looking up at Jennifer. "It's only a matter of training. They soon get to know how you like things done."

For a moment Jennifer didn't say anything. She just stood there looking at the dog, her hands clenching themselves tightly into fists. Then she said, "Human beings are much slower, aren't they?"

Henry laughed. "Oh, much," he said. "They're not as obedient as dogs. But, of course, we all react to discipline eventually."

Jennifer didn't say anything. She just walked out of the kitchen and up the stairs and into the bedroom. And when she got there, she quietly and swiftly began to pack a suitcase.

Henry doesn't know where I went with that suitcase, because he was too busy pointing out the bathroom to hear me go. Maybe he'll miss me and want me back, but he won't get me unless it's the girl he fell in love with two years ago that he wants. And if I go back, I'll shout at him when he corrects me, and throw things at him when he tidies up after me, and take the telephone money out of the box on the mantelpiece and spend it, like I used to when we first got married.

We all react to discipline eventually. It's going to be hard for my darling, much-loved Henry, but he'll learn in time.

(Copyright)

Helter Skelter Heart

By **CATHARINE BOYD**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

EMILY laid the telephone back in its cradle, a slow dreamlike motion, using both hands. She stared at her husband, who sat just across the kitchen table, and her eyes were as dark and distant as if he sat instead on the wicker chaise out back under their only tree.

"It's the baby," Emily said. "We've had a son."

Tod jerked off his reading glasses and dropped them among the letters on the table, his face stricken. "Emmy — so soon." He got up abruptly and carried his empty coffee cup to the sink.

Emily stood up, too, and she began roving restlessly about the kitchen, stacking a few dishes, wringing out the dishcloth, looking into the empty oven. For several minutes they both moved about in silence, their minds staggered. A son!

"Here — I'll pour you another cup," Tod said. "Sit down and tell me."

"I really ought to do the dishes," Emily protested as Tod guided her back to the table. "I haven't even done the ones from last night."

Tod sat down beside her. "Now — what did they say?"

So Emily, cradling her cup of warm coffee, her cheeks flushed, stumbled again over the blissful, incredible news.

It was six months since their doctor had got in touch with the Kitteridge Home, since their formal application, the investigation, the questionnaires answered with painstaking care. For six months they had waited — with no word. And Emily had quelled her urgency with thoughts of those who had to wait a year, two years, even three. She had bought dotted swiss for a bassinet and she could not resist a few tiny shirts and sleepers, but still no word.

And now on this quiet Saturday morning the telephone rang and a woman's voice said, "Mrs. Pierce? I think we might have a baby for you . . . something unexpected — a little boy born the day before yesterday. Dr. Jennings has him in charge . . . it's a little soon . . . we still have to arrange a personal interview in your home . . . sometime the first of the week . . ."

"And, darling," Emmy concluded, her voice breaking, "I was so stunned I never even said thank you!"

"Yes, you did, Baby. I heard you," Tod assured her. "You said it real nice."

"Thank you, thank you, thank you," Emily carolled and she ran from the room to hide her tears.

After a few minutes she came back downstairs wearing a striped jersey top and a pair of faded blue jeans.

"The house!" she cried. "We've only till Monday. The first of the week could mean any time after that. What a mess things are!"

Emily ran into the living-room and looked around her. "I love this

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In silent despair Tod and Emily sat in the untidy living-room, while Linda happily went on cutting out paper dolls.



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Hide my eyes

By MARGERY ALLINGHAM



A VISIT to the home of MRS. POLLY TASSIE at Garden Green convinces CHARLES LUKE, of Scotland Yard, that there is no connection between the old couple seen in an old-fashioned bus on the night of a murder of a pawnbroker and the waxwork figures in Mrs. Tassie's museum. He concludes the witness had been mistaken. Polly conceals the fact that the young man, GERRY HAWKER, of whom she is fond, took the figures and did not return them. Luke goes to Rolf's Dump, where the bus has been found after eight months' search.

RICHARD WATERFIELD, a friend of ANNABELLE TASSIE, who is staying with her aunt, has met Gerry, who calls himself JEREMY CHAD-HORDER. After getting away from the Midget Club, although EDNA CATER pressed them to stay, they go to shabby Hotel Tenniel, and Richard is sure Gerry is using him to

establish some alibi connected with time. When Gerry goes to ring up, he does not go to the telephone booth, but, unseen by Richard, disappears into the street. He goes to the office of MATTHEW PHILLIPSON, friend and solicitor of Polly, who is expecting him to adjust a matter of an altered cheque. Gerry shoots Matt, returns to the hotel, but at the entrance is stopped by his barber, MR. VICK. Later in a cafe Gerry finds in Matt's wallet a letter from Polly revealing she knows Gerry altered the cheque.

Richard, tired of waiting for Gerry, decides to go to Rolf's Dump, the name of which he saw on a piece of paper in Gerry's car. There he finds Gerry's workshop and in it the missing couple, the old man and woman from the bus. His discovery coincides with the arrival of Luke. NOW READ ON:

ANNABELLE surveyed the dark red-and-gilt oppressiveness of the Como with frank satisfaction as she waited for the lights to fade for the big picture. "I like this cinema," she said. "It's like settling down to dream in a great State bed. Flicks are rather like dreams, aren't they?"

Polly did not answer at once. She was getting herself thoroughly comfortable in the seat she liked best, with the plush-covered ledge for her bag and nothing save a misty expanse of air between her and the giant shadows. She was hatless because it was evening, and had achieved a considerable presence without looking particularly smart. Her clothes were of good material, very plainly made, and her kindly face wore the solemn preoccupation of a child's.

"Dreams," she echoed suddenly. "I suppose they are. That's why I like them best without color. Now listen, my dear, you say you really have heard of that man Mr. Champion before, and that the tale about him is that he is not just a silly ass?" She made no pause between the two subjects, and Annabelle was amused.

"That is what they say. Do you know how many times you've asked me that since I first told you — before we started out? Four."

"No! Have I?" Polly dropped her carefully gloved hand over the younger one. "How dreadful! I'm sorry. He worried me, poor chap. He seemed so very unsure of himself."

Annabelle turned to her accusingly. "Darling, you're not as silly as that. You're pretending. You knew that was his act. It's an affectation of his time. Young men invented

it in the 'twenties. But obviously he went out of his way to say all that stuff when he was leaving."

Polly's frown deepened. "What did he mean? Do you know?"

"No, I don't. I've been wondering." Annabelle had the grace to color. "It wasn't directed at me, quite, was it? It was about a sale of gloves at a men's shop called Cuppage's, and had you bought a pair for anybody as a present? Had you?"

The old woman stiffened. Her nose lengthened and her eyes were frosty.

"I may have done," she said coldly. "I'm often in and out of Cuppage's and I enjoy sales. But I don't see what that has to do with anybody else. That's my business, surely."

She was rather alarming in this mood. It was the abrupt cessation of the goodwill flowing boundlessly from her rather than any manifestation of anger, Annabelle decided.

"He thought you'd say that," she explained defensively. "That was why he wrapped it up like that. I thought he was trying to tell you something without committing himself."

Polly did not speak. Her mouth formed words, but she rejected them, and the last glimpse the girl had as the lights of the theatre went down was of her strong, calm face grown introspective and her blue eyes wide and dark.

Annabelle lost herself in the film. It was a frolic of the new romantic school about unsuspected passion, and was delightfully decorated with fancy dress and smooth acting. It held her complete attention, and she was several worlds away by the time she returned to the silent figure by her side.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1958



ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHROYD

and saw to her astonishment that Polly's expression had hardly changed. She was still staring straight at the screen as if she was looking through it, and her face seemed to have grown older.

The lights distracted her at last and she turned with a start and smiled.

"Did you enjoy it?"

"Yes, I did. It was so pretty, wasn't it? Awfully silly, though. I mean, fancy not facing it."

"Facing it?" The woman seemed appalled. "What made you say that?"

"Because it was all about it," Annabelle began to laugh. "You wicked old thing, you've been to sleep."

"Not really. I was thinking," Polly picked up her bag briskly. "But I think we'd better go now, if you don't mind. We'll go along and see Mrs. Dominique for dinner. While I'm there I want to make a telephone call. You're not tired yet, are you?"

"Gosh, no. This is terrific fun, Aunt Polly. You don't know how I love it. I've never done much of it, you see. Who is Mrs. Dominique?"

"Sybylle? Oh, a very old friend of mine. I knew her when we were girls." Polly's voice had warmed again. "She and her husband started this restaurant of theirs, the Grotto, in Adelaide Street, just after the first world war. It's been one of the very best of the Soho places ever since. Freddy and I always went in when we came to London, and long ago she used to come up north and stay with me and bring the children. You'll like her. She's hard because she's had to be, but she's a very clever woman."

"What about Mr. Dominique?" inquired Annabelle, who was taken by the name.

"Adrian? He died, poor fellow, the same year as Freddy. Now she runs the place with her son and his wife, and their son is coming along. They still have most of the old staff, which is amazing, and the cooking is wonderful. You'll like it."

"It sounds terrific." They were in a taxi now and Annabelle's murmur contained a vein of timidity. "Aunt Polly, I don't want to be a beastly expense."

"Well, you're not, girl." Polly was rough in her attempt at reassurance. "I want to see Sybylle. I should have come alone if you hadn't been with me. I often do on a Thursday."

"I wasn't thinking of the restaurant. I meant the taxi." Annabelle was hot-faced in the darkness. "You see, I happen to know you usually take a bus, because you mentioned it only this afternoon."

"I did?"

"Yes. You told your solicitor you were waiting for a bus in the rain while murders were going on all around you."

"Not murders, dear. Don't say such things."

"But you said it. Your Mr. Phillipson got frightfully prim and said he never read about crime, which was a bit much, I thought, coming from a lawyer. It was silly of him, anyhow, because he'd deprived himself of the super-mystery of the two old people who were seen asleep in the bus which must have taken the body away. I wonder what happened in that case," she added brightly. "We ought to have asked Superintendent Luke while we had him in the house. He's on the murder squad."

There was dead silence in the cab.

"How do you know?" The question came huskily at last and Polly coughed to explain it. "He didn't tell me anything like that."

"He wouldn't." Annabelle was blithely confident. "The police never do tell one anything. Even our old bobby at home pretends to be as close as a rock. I happen to know because Jenny knows the man's mother-in-law, and she told her that Prue had married someone big on the murder squad. It's one of those exciting things one does remember."

She paused as the full implication of her revelation sank in. "I shouldn't worry about him coming to see you, though," she added awkwardly. "He may have got moved or anything."

"Oh, good heavens, I'm not worrying," Polly spoke too heartily to deceive anybody. "Here we are. It's just round this corner. I liked the Superintendent, I thought him a very nice man. . . . Don't go talking about him in front of Mrs. Dominique."

The Grotto, which had been a favorite restaurant of two generations of discriminating London eaters, was not very large and not, to look at, at any rate, particularly elegant. It possessed that mellow, slightly worn appearance which has nothing to do with shabbiness, and its atmosphere was as warm and private as the dining-room in an old-fashioned family house.

Its one long, narrow room was dim save for the table lamps and had a very low ceiling and a thickly carpeted floor. The diners sat on upholstered benches arranged round the walls. The narrow tables were shrouded with quantities of coarse white linen, and the service quarters were all at the very far end of the apartment.

In the midst of this farther wall there was an open office doorway and before it, high and griled, stood a little cash desk where Sybylle Dominique sat as she always had sat, keeping an eye on everything, keeping order, and, above all, keeping her professional status as a shopkeeper plain to everybody.

She was a very small woman, slight and dark-skinned, with a faint moustache, intelligent eyes, and unnaturally black hair cut close to her head and worn with a fringe. There were

As Luke and Campion looked on, the man with the sergeant emphatically declared the bus and the old couple as being the same he had seen in Gott's Place.

several good diamonds on the small hands, which betrayed her age as somewhere nearing seventy, but her black dress was as severe and matronly as Polly's own.

She looked up as they appeared and bowed as formally as if Mrs. Tassie was a recent acquaintance, and went back to her books as the maitre d'hotel scurried forward to greet the newcomers.

It was a much colder welcome than Annabelle had expected, but gradually, as she began to recognise the formality for what it was, the ensuing performance fascinated her and she saw that just as one could take one's hair to a master hairdresser so, presumably, did one take one's stomach to a master chef. There was the same earnest solemnity about the preliminary consultation, the same suggestion of ritual and obedience to iron convention.

The fact that everybody concerned knew one another remarkably well made no difference at all. The meal, which was not elaborate, was ordered as though it was a trousseau at least, and it was only after the aperitifs had been served that Polly paused to introduce her niece to the tall, sad-eyed maitre, who turned out to be Peter Dominique, the son of the owner, who had visited Polly when a little boy.

He shook hands, dropping his high priest's or professional manner, and emerged as a charming, if slightly browbeaten, person, who was very anxious to speak of "Uncle Freddy," of whom he had clearly the kindest of memories.

"You will go and talk to Mamma, won't you, Polly?" he said earnestly. "She is a little lonely, you know. She sees everyone and no one. It is a very dull life for her now. All the customers appear to her as children eating. The parents with whom she was of an age and who were flesh and blood to her cannot come any more. Will you have your coffee in the office with her, perhaps?"

"Yes, I will, Peter, please. I'd like that. But first I must make a telephone call."

"Not before the meal?" He was hurt and shocked, and Annabelle understood that since he was a friend it mattered. "See, the soup is here. You can telephone from the office when you join Mamma."

Polly glanced at the small enamel pocket watch in her bag.

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The Highest Bidder

A short short story

By DOROTHY
M. ROSE

THE flag was up at the road's edge outside the big Broderick house on exclusive Abbey Drive. I'd put it there myself. "Auction today," the flag said. "Starting promptly at noon. Entire contents, Fowler Bros., Auctioneers."

I'm half of Fowler Brothers and ordinarily I'm enthusiastic when our flag is up, when I see a sizeable crowd gathering, and I know we'll have a good sale. But I'd have sacrificed our commission that day. Because the auction meant the end of the Broderick marriage.

I'd known Frank and Cecile since schooldays, way back before they'd married, and Frank had made the grade in such a big way. They were nice people. And they had everything: money, quite a bit of it; sons, grown and educated and married themselves now.

Seeing Cecile and Frank call it quits was like watching someone list all his assets and forget to add up the grand total.

Cecile had looked me up at our galleries in town about six weeks before the auction. We'd heard rumors by then, the wife and I. As luck would have it, Edith was there that day, helping me with the books.

"Why not put the stuff in storage for a while, Cee?" I suggested un- easily. "Selling things is so final."

Cecile shook her head. She was still a handsome woman, the grey only beginning to finger the black hair at her temples. She was composed, too, but there was strain in her composure. Cee had always been animated.

Now her hands, folded on her purse, looked as if they were still because they had nothing left to do.

"No, Ed," she said. "The house is sold. The new owners don't want occupancy for a few months. Here's the key. You make a list of every- thing and send it to me. I've taken an apartment. It's in the Sixties."

"And Frank?"

"He's at his club. He's quite . . . comfortable. It's only a block from the office."

My Edith is pretty outspoken. I wouldn't have asked such a personal question as she did then. "There isn't anyone else for either of you, is there, Cee?"

Cee's mouth twisted. "Frank wouldn't have time for that," she said. "As for me, you know me better than that."

She was right about Frank. He'd talked nothing but business for years, even on the golf course. Well, he'd talked about his ulcer for a while, but only to complain because the operation had kept him from the office.

"If there isn't anyone else," Edith ventured, "isn't there a chance you could work things out?"

Cee's hands tightened on her purse. "We really have nothing to- gether any more, Edith."

"You have what you started out with," Edith said with spirit, in spite of the frown I gave her. "You have each other. It's just two people in the beginning of a marriage. And then, much later, it's got to be just the two of them again. Maybe you concentrated too much on your boys, Cee."

"I had to," Cee said, quickly and defensively. "Surely you can see I just had to. Even when they were young — perhaps even more so



then, Frank was always thinking of his business."

Cee spread her hands and sighed. "Of course," she said, "all his ambi- tions for his business were really ambi- tions for us—his family. But they took him away from us so much that really they became our enemies. I just had to give more attention to the boys than a lot of mothers would have had to do.

"But that's past. I can't expect to make a life out of them any longer. They're fine boys, but they've fami- lies of their own. You wouldn't understand, Edith. You and Ed have daughters. Maybe they stay closer. I've got to make a life for myself."

I cut in before Edith could get up more wind. "Is there anything in the house you want?" I asked.

"No, Ed," she said. "No remind- ers. The auction will really be the quickest way. Let me know the date. I'll come down."

I'd done what she'd asked. I'd made a complete inventory, includ- ing even the old furniture in what had been the servants' quarters over the garage.

As I said, the crowd was good that day. There were plenty of people, aside from the second-hand dealers and antiquers who always show. We'd arranged everything outside, and the crowd roamed around, inspecting before we started.

They poked in drawers for hidden treasures, nudged each other when they discovered markings on the bottoms of fine pieces of china, called to each other in the good- natured way of folks at auctions.

We began promptly at noon with my brother up on the stool holding a vase aloft, shouting, "What do you dare bid?" Cee had arrived, looking thinner and more tired than she had six weeks earlier.

There were a lot of old neighbors hanging around in the crowd, and many smiled or tried to speak to her, but she didn't seem to notice them and went on into the almost empty house.

I got a cup of coffee from the stand that had been set up near the garage and took it in to her. We'd left a chair and a few pieces in the living-room and I'd lighted the fireplace for Cee. She looked as though she needed it.

"Ed, where'd you find the wicker set?" she asked, right off.

"The wicker set?" I repeated. "Oh, you mean the two old chairs and the sofa? Kind of beaten up,

For a few minutes Cee enthusiastically joined in with the bidding.

aren't, they? They were over the garage. Won't bring much. Maybe somebody with a summer shack . . ."

She looked up at me. "I don't want them sold, Ed."

I was puzzled. "But you said you didn't want a thing," I reminded her. "The set's worthless, believe me."

"I want it," she said.

"Look, Cee," I said. "What would you do with it? Anyway, it's been listed. It appears on all the cards we sent out. You want it, you bid for it."

I was out of patience with her, making a fuss over that old junk.

The set didn't go under the hammer until mid-afternoon. By then I'd taken over the selling, and by then I was hoping Cee would bid on the wicker set. Be- cause Edith had dropped around and I'd mentioned it to her. Edith's eyes had gone misty.

"You men never remember anything," she said. "I can still see it. That first apartment Cee and Frank had, the tiny one . . . right after they got married. Somebody had given them the wicker set. It was old even then, but it was all they had for the living-room."

She smiled as she remembered back over all those years. "Golly," she said, "you would have thought it was gold. When we visited, we had to close our eyes before we went into that room, then open them, then exclaim over the wicker set. You don't remember?"

I didn't. But I hoped Cee would bid. If she still cherished the set, there might be hope for her and Frank.

Cee came out of the house and stood in the front row. A young couple, just kids, piped up right

away for the set. They weren't more than nineteen and they were holding hands. "Two dol- lars!" the boy yelled excitedly.

"Three!" Cee said. The boy hesitated, then shouted, "Four!" I waited for Cee. She'd turned to look at the young couple. Her shoulders slumped and she shook her head at me, finally, and stood there, lifeless as a statue. That was that. I felt real bad about it.

The kids began to cart the chairs and sofa along the driveway. I knocked off for a minute and went over to Cee. She was following the kids with her eyes. Then, as I put my hand on her arm, I felt her stiffen . . . and I saw what she saw.

Frank had come from somewhere, out of the crowd. He had his wallet out and was gesturing and talking to the kids. The boy and girl shook their heads.

I took a firmer hold of Cee's elbow and propelled her over there.

She wasn't able to say much at first, just . . . "Let them have it, Frank." But her voice was soft.

"I can't, Cee!" Frank said. "Not the wicker set!"

Cee's eyes were talking to him. "Maybe we can get along without it," she said. And I knew she was bidding on something more valu- able.

Next thing I knew, they were helping the kids carry the set down the drive, and later I saw Frank and Cee go into the house, holding hands the way the youngsters had.

And so it was the two of them again, the way it had been in the beginning. They have no wicker set but they do pick up a lot of other stuff when they come together to Fowler Brothers' auctions.

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The Fly who came to Dinner...

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This fly is no V.I. Fly. He is any common fly. He could be in your home right now—dumping his overload of germs on baby's fingers, tea-towels, even upon your food; regurgitating consumed filth on table utensils, or rubbing bits of putrefaction from his sticky, hairy, germ-infested legs on anything at all.

That is the risk you take with every fly that comes into your home. Each fly could leave any of the 5,000,000 disease germs he carries. He could bring diseases such as typhoid, infantile diarrhoea, dysentery, poliomyelitis or infectious hepatitis into your home.

So, be warned! Make sure you kill *all* flies the moment they appear. Use only Mortein. You can't — and mustn't — depend on watered down imitations. Mortein is the world's most powerful insect spray. It is the safest of all to use—and certainly the most economical. Spray it regularly in every room.

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WHEN YOU'RE ON A GOOD THING... STICK TO IT!





THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR

• It's Cup time again in Melbourne, and on the afternoon of November 4 the thoughts of people all over Australia will turn to Melbourne, to Flemington Racecourse and the 97th Melbourne Cup. On outback stations and in city offices little groups will gather around radio sets to hear the running of Australia's most famous and richest horserace: prizemoney shared by the placed horses is £15,000. In Melbourne itself Cup Day is a public holiday and thousands flock

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
						1
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

to Flemington to see the best racehorses in Australia and New Zealand fly over the turf in this two-mile race which is recognised as one of the world's greatest handicap races. The great Carbine carried 10 stone 5lb. to win the Cup in 1890, beating a field of 39 starters in the then-record time of 3min. 28½sec. This picture taken by staff photographer Gary Linney shows winner, Straight Draw, and the rest of the field returning to scale after last year's Melbourne Cup.

Worth Reporting

AT the current Paris Motor Show, French car manufacturers are making an all-out bid to please the girls. They reckon that 80 out of 100 husbands buy the car their wives like best.

Marcelle Poirier, of our Paris staff, reports these gimmicks to attract the little woman:

- Special cushions—to fit the front seat when the wife takes the wheel.
- Camping bodies, for women who don't like sleeping in the open during camping holidays.
- Specially lit mirrors on the back of sunshields—to stop domestic quarrels about using the rear-vision mirror for make-up.
- Color research—to catch the fashion-trained eye.

With purples and pinks high fashion in Paris this autumn, one model in the show is painted a sharp mauve, with pale lilac leather fittings.

Another manufacturer has produced a sample book of eight basic shades with 22 two-tone color harmonies for paintwork, so that women can take the book home and select the car color that best suits their wardrobe.

★ ★ ★
ROMANCE suffered a severe blow at America's Kansas State College when students were forbidden to kiss at the announcements of engagements or "pinnings" at sorority club houses.

Reason? Last year's crop of engagement kisses spread an epidemic of flu that kept half the student faculty in bed.

Member of the wedding

"RED" HARRISON, a sub-editor on our staff and a C.M.F. parachutist commando, told us this story of the reticent recruit.

The young fellow phoned the adjutant of his C.M.F. parachute training course and asked for two hours off the following Saturday morning to go to a wedding.

"No," roared the adjutant. "You young fellows can't skip courses for such trivial reasons."

The young man tried again: "But, sir, I made the arrangements some time ago."

Again the adjutant roared "No."

The young man had his last try: "But, sir, it's my own wedding."

We are happy to report that he got the day off.

A regular at the locals

AN aristocratic, golden-haired Labrador called "Brandy" is becoming well known to inhabitants of Walkerville, South Australia.

He has a huge appetite to match his generous proportions, and for years has supplemented his regular menu by calling on the nearby butcher, who gives him large bones.

In his old age he has grown more ambitious, extending his patronage to three more butchers, and on his way home has taken to dropping into the "local" for a pint of stout, provided free in a special bowl by a kindly management.

WE don't know whether this would come under the heading of "busman's holiday" or not, but we chuckled a little the other day when Sydney girl Gretta Anna, of Rose Bay, dashed off to a luncheon appointment after giving one of her cooking lessons.

The dishes she had been demonstrating were Lobster with white wine and cream, and Strawberry Romanoff with cream and Cointreau.

For lunch she ordered (and thoroughly enjoyed) a meat pie with tomato sauce!

Just a crazy mixed-up bird

BIRDS that talk can sometimes be embarrassing, but three budgerigars recently won prizes for their owners—all women—in a B.B.C. contest to find Britain's most talented budgie.

Sparkie, a green and yellow bird from Newcastle-on-Tyne; Billy, another green and yellow from London; and blue Joey, from Glasgow, were the winners from 2768 other birds.

Each of the finalists had a repertoire of more than 100 phrases, nursery rhymes, and songs.

Sparkie easily came first. When he stumbled over a rhyme he burst out impatiently, "I'm just a crazy mixed-up bird."

When Billy was named second he expressed his dissatisfaction with a word his owner had carefully taught him NOT to say during the judging.

The girls from Radium Hill

BRIEFLY in Sydney recently were two Australian Inland Mission nursing sisters—Connie Savage and Dulcie Gibson—on their way home to Toowoomba, Queensland, after two years' work at Radium Hill, South Australia.

This mining township's five-bed hospital is the A.I.M.'s busiest.

"We were the entire staff," Sister Savage told us. "One of us did the nursing and the other the cooking, week and week about."

"Mine accidents and children's ailments provided most of the patients."

"We averaged 120-140 out-patients a week and three in-patients, and during our stay delivered 30 babies."

Neither girl could cook before going to Radium Hill, but both say they are quite proficient now.

Which might partly explain the fact that both girls became engaged in Radium Hill.

They plan to be married about Christmas and Dulcie will return there to live.

★ ★ ★
IF baby's first word is "Ma-Ma," the Mums should not start crowing it over the Dads. According to two American psychologists, Dr. Rex Bixler and Dr. Harold Yeager, the word "Ma-Ma" signifies "an unhappy utterance, a cry of distress."

Dads are reassured by the doctors, who say that "baba, dada, and gaga" are happy sounds.

Close of Mink Coat Contest

● Our £2000 Mink Coat Contest has closed. Any entries received after October 29 are not eligible. Of the last two £1 Progress Prizes, one has been awarded to a grazier's wife in Victoria, the other to a man in Western Australia.

PROGRESS prize-winners are still eligible to win the magnificent £2000 mink coat which is first prize in our Economy Hint Contest. The winner of the first prize will be announced soon.

The following have won the last £1 Progress Prizes awarded in our contest:

Mrs. A. Holland, Brim P.O., Vic.

Mr. I. A. McNamara, Mt. Barker, W.A.

Here is Mrs. Holland's idea for saving money on soap:

I make my own soap by rendering all gall fat from the sheep my husband kills. Twelve months' supply of soap thus costs £1/13/6, against £23/8/- to buy. Here is how I work it out:

To buy, weekly—	£	s	d
1 pkt. soap powder	4	1	
1 bar soap	4	2	
Proportion liquid detergent	9		
Total	9	0	
52 weeks at 9/-	£23	8	0

To make soap—	
14lb. tallow	nil
2 1lb. tins caustic soda	6 0
1lb. borax	9
1lb. resin	1 14
2 cups ammonia	6
4 gall. water	nil
Total	8 4

I make this quantity four times a year at a total cost of £1/13/6, so the yearly saving is £21/14/6.

Here is Mr. McNamara's economical hint:

When I buy farm machinery I get the wheels the same size as those on our utility truck. I stipulate that I don't want agricultural tyres—I order tyres which will also fit the car and utility.

When the machine arrives I can put the new tyres on the car and the old tyres from the car or utility on the machine.

This is economical, as most farm machinery is only used for short periods during the year and the tyres will perish while lying idle, whereas the truck and car are in constant use.



With important things like baby powder . . .

His Majesty, the Baby,
demands the best
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BP 1-36

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Pressing with a damp cloth is a hit-or-miss process, because the cloth is usually either too wet, or not damp enough. With this Steam Iron, you'll get a professional finish really quickly on school tunics, slacks, skirts, costumes, and even men's suits. What a wonderful appliance to own!



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EXCLUSIVE TO SUNBEAM. These scientifically positioned steam vents and channels mean a better ironing job in less time, with fewer strokes.



STOP!
Break the

HARSH LAXATIVE HABIT

the safe, natural way

Of course, nobody really *intends* to get into the habit of taking laxatives. But that dose you reach for in an emergency so often just leads to another. Then the day comes when you have to face the disturbing fact that your system just won't "work" without a shock treatment from the medicine cupboard. Worse still, you will probably have to keep on increasing the dose. You have been caught by the laxative habit.

Unfortunately, constipation catches up with most of us sooner or later, because so many modern foods are over-refined. Much of the essential roughage, or *bulk*, has been removed before they reach our tables.

The price we pay.

With nothing to grip, the intestinal muscles become weak and lazy. Presently they have to be literally *shocked* into action. But the harsh laxative that flushes a clogged system doesn't reach the *cause* of the clogging — lack of bulk in the diet. That is why harsh laxatives are not the answer to the very serious health-problem of irregularity. Indeed, to quote an authoritative warning from the British Medical Association's magazine, "Family Doctor": "remedies of this type, by irritating and paralyzing the bowels, *may actually cause constipation*".

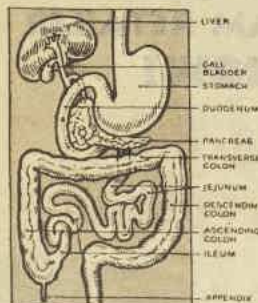
Break the vicious circle — now.

It stands to reason that you can't go on ill-treating your 30

feet of intestinal tract without suffering for it sooner or later.

Now—before too much damage has been done—break the vicious circle! It may surprise you to know that the answer is very simple — and as near as your breakfast table! By enjoying All-Bran, a delicious whole-bran breakfast cereal, every morning, you can reach the *cause* of constipation. All-Bran

supplies the bulk your system must have for normal, regular elimination without purgatives. Unlike harsh laxatives, which undermine health and energy, All-Bran builds you up because it is a food, not a medicine. A breakfast serving of All-Bran and milk supplies 8 important minerals and vitamins, as well as high-quality protein, and bulk for regularity.



How constipation occurs

Your body contains thirty feet of intestinal tubes. Your food passes through them, after leaving the stomach. Its nutritive values are drawn into the bloodstream, leaving waste products behind. Much modern food is so soft and over-refined that the muscles relax and get more and more lazy. But give them bulk and they respond regularly. All-Bran is natural bulk, makes you regular.

MUST SATISFY YOU — OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Get a packet of All-Bran from your grocer and prove it for yourself. If you are not satisfied in every way after 10 days' trial, send the empty packet to Kellogg's and they will refund *twice* what you paid for it.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.



MRS. BEETON'S HUSBAND—A GENIUS WHO FAILED

By WILLIAM JOY

● Early in 1856, a beautiful but practical girl of 20, then approaching marriage, exclaimed in exasperation to her sisters: "Why has no one written a book for brides, to help them learn all the things they must know?"

THE bride was to write that book. Today, a century later, she occupies a high pinnacle in history as plain Mrs. Beeton, writer of the famous Book of Household Management.

Mrs. Beeton's love story ranks with the most poignant of them all. She sustained an erratic, brilliant genius only to see him crash towards ruin as she died, only 28 years old, soon after giving birth to her fourth child.

Her husband was left with his remorse and the fear that he had killed her with his problems.

Isabella Beeton was the eldest child of Elizabeth Mayson, who was left a widow with four children in her early thirties.

The young widow, incurably romantic, "eloped" with a former suitor, Henry Dorling, himself a widower with four children, to Greta Green, where they were married over the anvil.

Overnight Bella became the eldest of eight, and over the years, as new babies arrived, the eldest of 21.

Henry Dorling was a rich printer. And as Clerk of Epsom Racecourse he helped Lord George Bentinck, the Napoleon of English racing, clear the turf of rogues and tricksters.

When Dorling bought the lease of the Epsom grandstand, his wife sent her still-growing horde of children to live there. "Bella, sister Bessie, and Granny (Mrs. Dorling's mother) can look after them," she said.

Thus, as a child, the future Mrs. Beeton became the "mother" of an outsize family.

Lived at racecourse

They slept in the grandstand committee rooms, ate in the saloon, romped over course and paddocks, and grew up a healthy, lusty family.

One of Bella's young brothers was to come to Australia, where he was drowned in a sudden squall while boating on Sydney Harbor.

Bella was 19, just back from finishing-school at Heidelberg, when Samuel Orchard Beeton, a childhood friend, came again into her life.

Sam was son of the host of London City's prosperous Dolphin Inn.

He was also a prodigy. Though not 25, he owned his own publishing house, and had founded and edited the Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, the first publication to cater exclusively for young middle-class women. He had also published an Emigrant's Guide to Australia.

Sam had classic good looks, resembling the poet Shelley. He had been a rake in his youth, fond of prize-fights, rat-hunting, and cigars, which aggravated a cough caused by inherent consumption.

He was brilliant, impulsive, mostly gay, sometimes plunged in despondency. He was just the man to appeal to the practical Bella—a lovable genius who needed someone to look after him.

They fell in love! For a year they wrote almost daily.

Their love was not always smooth. Henry Dorling, wealthy, stolid, with



ISABELLA BEETON, eldest of 21 children, who learned how to manage her loving husband, Sam (below), as well as her famous Household.



romance in the past, regarded Sam as a young upstart, a gambler liable to over-reach himself.

He made Sam so uncomfortable that he refused to join Bella in the Dorling box on Epsom's Derby Day.

From the first, Bella bolstered Sam's confidence. When he despaired about his new Boys' Own Magazine, which did not start too well, she wrote him: "Things will not be as bad as people make out. As long as you have a head on your shoulders you will manage to scrape a living somehow."

Only once did she have doubts. "Do not be too sanguine," she wrote. "Do not look forward to too much happiness for fear of being disappointed in me."

Meanwhile, Bella learned all she could about household management. She studied domestic science, took lessons from a noted pastrycook, which was considered bold and not quite the thing for an upper middle-class girl in those stuffy Victorian days.

As the wedding approached Samuel Beeton reached a business crisis. He worked on his nerves, was on the verge of a collapse. "My only hope of being saved is you!" he wrote.

Eight bridesmaids

She replied, assuring him she "loved him better and more fondly than ever one being did another."

He was jealous of her family. "In a short while you will have the entire management of me," she told him, "and I can assure you you will find me a most docile, yielding pupil."

The sun shone for the wedding on July 10, 1856. Bella had eight bridesmaids. Her white silk gown was flounced to the waist. Each flounce had been worked in a different design by one of her sisters.

The reception was held in the grandstand. Bella and Sam drove down the course, like a Royal couple, before leaving for their honeymoon in Europe.

Within a year Bella Beeton had borne and lost her first son. She fought her

Another world-famous love story

grief by working on her The Book of Household Management.

She had much opposition. Her greatest friend warned her against it: "Cookery is a science learned only by long experience and years of study, which, of course, you have not had."

Bella, with nearly ten years' experience looking after a horde of children, shrugged off the advice.

Sam, most devoted of husbands, asked his thousands of readers in the Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine to send him their recipes.

Bella combed the books of the great French gourmets. Her old headmistress at Heidelberg sent her books of German recipes. Chefs of great lords detailed their choicest dishes.

The kitchen of the Beeton home at Pinner, where Bella employed a cook, parlormaid, and gardener, hummed like a factory, for nothing went into the book untried.

Bella wrote also of the care of children, of the sick, points of etiquette, the duties of servants. She described not only how to cook meat but the habits of the animals. She even described the private life of the lobster.

Soup for the poor

The poor of Pinner idolised her. The winter of 1858 was hard. Children with basins, jugs, and billy-cans lined up at the Beeton kitchen for nourishing soup, which still figures in the book as "soup for benevolent purposes."

And all the while she was helping Sam. She translated novels from the French for his magazine, wrote the fashion notes and hints on home dress-making, and revised proofs.

Sam grasped at success. He launched The Queen, the Moniteur de la Mode, a Dictionary of Universal Information.

And, as Henry Dorling predicted, he over-reached himself.

He was personally extravagant, launched grandiose schemes for expansion. When he needed money he went to the great banking firm of Overend Gurney.

Sam lived in a fools' paradise. Soon the crash came.

He needed more money. Overend Gurney, he found, were in difficulties themselves. Young Samuel Beeton was slowly forced towards the financial clutches of a rival firm.

Bella, who had lost a second son and given birth to a third, was again nearing confinement.

While Sam panicked, she kept her head. Full of energy, radiating confidence, she went most days to the city to pass proofs and layouts, and stave off creditors.

She worked practically to the hour of her confinement, correcting the final proofs of her Dictionary of Cooking.

She gave birth to a fine boy, but puerperal fever set in.

The illness coincided with a crisis in Sam's financial affairs.

Against advice, he entered Bella's room and poured out his banking troubles in the hope that she would show him the way out.

It was beyond her. Isabella Beeton died a few days later, on February 6, 1863, leaving Sam alone with his remorse.

Some biographers are glad she was spared the worry of seeing Sam swamped for a while in the downfall of the great Overend Gurney bank.

It is more likely that, had she lived, she would have dragged him from near ruin back to success like the brilliant, gallant, gay little fighter she was.

Wait till I see that sales girl, she said it was shrinkproof! BUT IT WASN'T LABELLED "SANFORIZED"



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"Shrinkproof" could mean anything. Many so-called pre-shrunk fabrics shrink up to 5% or more. Sanforized, and only Sanforized, is your assurance that a dress will never shrink out of style or fit.

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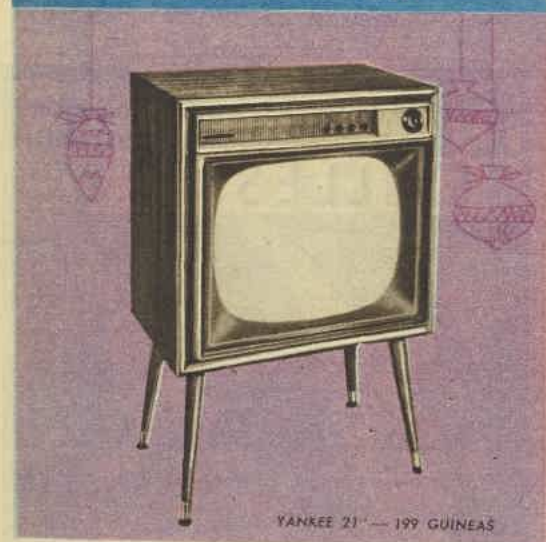
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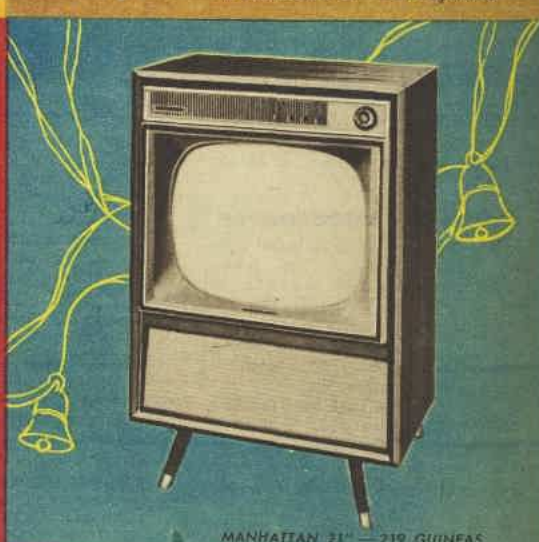
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1958

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

"I HAVE been going out with a girl of my own age, 15, for about 11 months and I love her just as much now as I did then. About six months ago we decided that we were far too young to be going seriously. I have been to her place a number of times since and we are still very friendly. Is it the wrong thing to do to show some affection towards her now? Or should I just act like a friend of her family? Also, as I live in the country, is it wrong to ask her to stay for a holiday at my place with my parents and family? Do you think you could help me out, please?"

"Crazy Man," Qld.

You show your affection towards this girl by going to her home and enjoying her company. I think that is as far as any outward show of affection should go.

You both sound sensible and you must realise that any love-making would only put you as you were six months ago. I think this would be very wrong at your age. As you said, you are both far too young.

I can see no harm in your parents asking her to spend a holiday with them. I take it that both parents, yours and hers, understand the situation between you.

"I AM 18 and have been keeping company with a young man of 24. I love him very much, and on a couple of occasions he said he loved me. But he talks of past girlfriends. He doesn't brag, just talks in passing of different girls he used to date. I pretend not to care, but it hurts me a lot. Only the other day he said he'd never trust another girl, that he'd 'learned his lesson.' I felt terrible, because only two nights before I'd told him (for the first time) that I loved him. What can I do? My girl-friend suggests that when he talks about past girls I do likewise

about boys and invent a few into the bargain, but I think this method would be rather tasteless."

"Bee," S.A.

I quite agree with you. It would be tasteless, and stupid, too. I don't think there is anything you can do about this, except tell him the truth—that you don't like him to talk about his former girl-friends.

You'll get action one way or another then. Probably it's hard for the poor man not to mention former girl-friends occasionally. I don't see why it bothers you so much, because at your age you must know you're not the only girl in the world.

Obviously you want to be this man's last girl-friend. I don't think you've got any chance of being anything but one of his ex-girls if you continue taking-on so about the girls he took out before he knew you.

"ALTHOUGH my mother allows me to attend dances, she will not allow me to speak to a boy in the street. I am 15. I have tried to explain to her that people, especially boys, are beginning to think me a snob, but she only becomes angry with me and says I am too young to speak to boys. What do you think? Also, could you advise me the right age for girls to begin wearing slim skirts?"

"Query," N.S.W.

Even if your mother has forbidden you to speak to boys in the street, you can still smile at them. Smiles are just about a girl's greatest weapon. She can often say more with one than she can with five minutes' conversation.

I can understand your mother saying you shouldn't speak to boys in the street. She probably thinks you haven't sufficient poise yet just to greet them and go on your way.

A word from Debbie



• Do you ever have cutlery trouble when you're dining out? Here are some tips that may help you.

The silver is arranged in the order it will be used, working from the outside in.

Teenagers often ask me how you place your knife and fork when you've finished the meat course.

The correct way is to place your knife and fork side by side in the centre of the plate, with the handles pointing at your body, the prongs of the fork turned up and the sharp edge of the knife turned towards the fork.



***** DISC DIGEST *****

THE Andrews Sisters, that apparently indestructible trio, really consolidate their comeback with their latest L.P., "The Dancing Twenties," on T.973. Unless you actively dislike the sisters, even the most lukewarm listener will soon be won over by the sparkling treatment they give to twelve hit songs of the roaring 1920 decade.

Patty, LaVerne, and Maxine have never claimed to be beauties, and on the album cover they show themselves for the real good sports they are by dressing up in clothes of the 'twenties. Needless to say, they look wonderfully grotesque in sacklike opera wraps, sick-headache bandeaux, and monstrous shoes with toothpick toes. The disc itself is just as much fun. I'm sure you'll like their vocalising, and the music by Billy May's Orchestra is fine to dance to.

Perhaps the best part is that "les girls" sing the seldom-heard verses to the songs, which include "Don't Bring Lulu," "Barney Google," "Keep Your Skirts Down, Mary Ann," "Japanese Sandman," "Show Me The Way To Go Home," and "Last Night On The Back Porch." If you can't go to the posh Flamingo Hotel at Las Vegas to hear the sisters, then this is the very next best thing.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

and you may develop into one of those girls you see hanging round street corners chatting endlessly to the boys of the town.

I think you are doing well to be allowed to go to dances at your age. I wouldn't force the issue if I were you.

As for your slim skirt, wear one when you go out if it suits you. I don't think they're suitable for schoolgirls.

"MY girl-friend and I have been keeping company with some boys who are five and more years older than we are. We have also been seeing them secretly. The friendship between the boys and me does not exceed an ordinary friendship, but my girl-friend has fallen madly in love with one of the boys, as he has with her. This boy, in my opinion, is far too advanced for her in mind and years. Do you think I should tell her this or let her find out for herself? She is my best friend and I do not want her to be hurt. Do you think it might be better if I have a talk with the boy and tell him that some day he will find someone more suitable and will probably drop my girl-friend and will not realise how much he has hurt her?"

"Troubled," N.S.W.

Stop meddling in other people's affairs and stop these secret meetings with boys. If you don't you'll land in real trouble, not the imaginary kind you're enjoying now.

Be lovely at Christmas
... and all through the Summer

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PERMS UP TO 15 SUPPLE CURLS COSTS ONLY 5/11



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Crest End Curl Kit perms up to 30 supple curls — 9/-.
Crest Full Head Kit for a glorious full-head perm — 13/6.



Add softness to a sophisticated French-roll by using Crest Curlette to curl a short fringe in front as well as a few curls on the ends. Simply part your hair in the centre, dividing the fringe in half, and place two curls either side. Ideal for those special evenings when you want to put your hair up, smart for the office when you'd like to wear your hair in a chignon or pony tail.



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TOOTAL FABRICS—FROM ALL GOOD STORES

Page 42

room," she thought. "I don't
see the dust because I'm too
busy looking out the windows."

Oh, the windows! Why had
she cleaned only one and let
the others go? Oh, that was the
day Fran had asked her to
go to the fashion show, and
Fran was feeling so gloomy
now, with her mother ill. If
she hadn't washed one window,
the others wouldn't be notice-
able.

"I'll do the living-room
last," she decided. "I can let
the beds go and make them
up clean tomorrow. I can stuff
things in bureau drawers. How
does a little house hold so
much clutter?"

Everything had to be per-
fect, she knew. "I can't scrub
the paint," she worried, "but
I can vacuum. Oh, no I can't.
The cleaner needs a new bag.
I'll use the mop. Oh, to think
of the time I wasted yesterday
defrosting the refrigerator! No
one looks inside refrigerators.
I'd better do the dishes first."

Tod wandered through the
kitchen with logs for the fire-
place. "I wish you'd finish the
toy chest," Emily called to
him. "They're sure to cross-
examine the baby's room. Oh
—I love you, Papa!"

She began with the dishes,
upsetting a box of soap powder
under the sink, and then she
found all her dish towels lying
damp in the drier because
she'd forgotten to turn it on.
But the plates could dry in
the rack just as well. "I'll rent
a waxer this afternoon and do
the floors," she thought hap-
pily. "It's only Muffin padding
through the house with his
dirty paws. Muffin is really a
sloppy dog, but I'll see he's
combed tomorrow."

She hurried upstairs and
emptied a hamper of dirty
clothes, bundled them into one
of Tod's shirts, and tossed the
bundle down the stairs to the
hall. Before she had time to
follow, the telephone rang, so
she answered it in the bed-
room.

"Oh, Fran, I'm so glad you
called. How are you? How's
your mother?"

"You sound all wound up,"
Fran said. "What's up? Clean-
ing the closets?"

"No, I'm stuffing everything
into them," Emily said, laugh-
ing. And she told Fran about
the baby. "I thought you
might tell me—" she added,
"I know you got Linda from
the Home — is the interview
awful?"

"Awful? It's terrible," Fran
replied. "They have eyes all
round their heads. Miss Penn-
field's supposed to be the worst.
But you have till Monday.
Why don't you let my Gwen-
dolyn come to help you to-
morrow?"

"It's Sunday," Emily
temporised, "but maybe I will.
Did you want something spec-
ial, Fran?"

"I only thought I did. I was
going to ask you to keep Linda
for an hour or two while we
go over and see Mother. But
you're busy enough."

"Oh, bring her anyway,"
Emily said. "I'll get things
done. I always do. She can
play outside with Muffin while
Tod rakes the leaves. Please
bring her, Fran."

"Well, if you really mean
it . . ."

"Oh, I do. I'll get most
everything done this morning,
anyway."

She really meant to. She
gave the nursery a quick dust-
ing, though she knew she should
do it last, and she brought in
her favorite picture of cherubs
to hang between the dormer
windows. Then she went down-
stairs and got Tod started
working in the yard. And it
was such fun being outside,
she stayed to work along with
him for a while.

"Oh, gosh!" she remembered
at last. "I forgot to take the

wash out of the washer! And
I can't put it in the drier till
I dry the wash that's already
there, and I can't wash the
bundle I threw downstairs till
I empty the washer . . ."

Tod laughed. "Honey, you're
hopeless. Things never coin-
cide."

"I know," Emily leaned on
her rake a minute frowning.
"When I talk to Fran—every-
thing she does is so right. Just
this minute I should be iron-
ing curtains, but the sun's so
warm . . ." She put down the
rake and went towards the
house with a sigh. "Come in
for lunch in a minute," she
called from the door. "It's
chicken salad."

They had sardines, because
she'd forgotten to thaw the
chicken. Emily cut her finger
getting the can open, and she
spilled the usual puddle of oil
on the floor. But she wiped
things up, and they had a fine
lunch.

Linda, fortified with a box of
paper dolls and a rapt smile,
arrived at two.

"You really charm her,
Emily," Fran said as she left.
And at once Emily settled Linda
on the living-room floor and
watched the little girl for a
minute.

"Where's my glue?" Linda
asked expectantly. "I need it
bad."

"Do you have to have glue
today, darling?" Emily asked.

"I love glue," Linda said.
"Mommy doesn't let me have
it, and you always let me.
Please—if I'm careful?"

"I'll put some newspaper
down," Emily said.

"I love bread and jam, too,"
Linda said. "You always give
me bread and jam with butter
in between."

"I certainly do," Emily pro-
mised.

Tod came in from outside on
his way to the cellar and
washed his hands at the kitchen
sink. "No towels," he men-
tioned absentmindedly. "Honey,
shouldn't you get your dining-
room curtains up?"

"Don't worry," Emily said.
"I have time."

"Sure?" Tod asked. "Well,
I guess I'd better work on the
toy chest."

"You're wonderful!" Emily
said, and she gave him a hug.

She took a large sandwich
of bread and jam to Linda,
who sat in a nest of paper dolls,
scraps, and glue; and then
paused to cut out a few doll
dresses. Then, thinking of
Tod working in the cellar, she
hurried to the kitchen and set
out the silver tray and two of
her best glasses. She filled the
glasses with cola. It would
make things gayer for Tod
when he came upstairs for a
breather, as he was bound to
do. And then she started the
meat-loaf.

She got out the herbs and
spices and the ground meat,
and she had just broken the
raw egg into it when the door-
bell rang. She wiped her
hands on her apron and went
to the door.

"Mrs. Pierce?" The woman
who stood there was small and
plump, buttoned neatly into a
blue serge suit. "I'm Miss
Pennfield from the Kitteridge
Home. May I come in?"

Emily felt a thud in her
stomach. "They said Mon-
day," she whispered.

"I know, but they never set
a definite time. Is Mr. Pierce
home?"

"Come in," Emily said,
doomed, and led the way to the
living-room. "Miss Pennfield,
this is Linda—a friend of mine.
Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," Miss Penn-
field said, her eyes sharp and
clear.

"Oh, this room!" Emily

Continuing . . . Helter Skelter Heart

from page 27

mourned silently. "If I hadn't
washed that one window! If
Linda wasn't eating raspberry
jam!"

And Miss Pennfield glanced
about, seeing the tarnished
tray, the curtainless windows,
the overflowing paper baskets,
and Linda tasting the glue.
And when Miss Pennfield rose
to be shown the rest of the
house, Emily noticed miser-
ably that the seat of her dark
serge suit was covered with
Muffin's long white hairs.

"Weekends, we sort of re-
lax," Emily murmured. She
led her guest through the kit-
chen, where the raw meat lay
in its bowl, the lunch dishes
in the sink, Tod's mud-caked
boots on the floor, and then
through the hall where the
bundle of unwashed laundry
obstructed the stairs.

Emily's face brightened when
they reached the nursery—the
cheerful yellow walls, the bas-
sinet. She stared in horror at
the bassinet. There on its
sweet flowered quilt lay Muf-
fin, his shaggy face resting on
muddy paws.



"For a while they had me
worried when they said
they were getting an
electric beater!"

"Everything's washable,"
Emily whispered. "He never
did that before. He's really a
sweet little dog." She scooped
him up and spanked him out
of the room, her hands shak-
ing.

They returned to the living-
room, and Emily sat on the
edge of her chair, wondering
how much her visitor had seen
—Tod's pyjamas on the floor,
the hairbrushes soaking in the
basin.

"We have wonderful neigh-
bors," Emily chattered. "Lots
of children, the street is safe
 . . ."

And then the final blow. A
commotion arose in the base-
ment, an ominous crashing of
boards . . . Who can account
for a man's language in his
own cellar?

Then, "Hey, sweet shape!"
Tod bellowed up the stairs.
"Where's my hammer?"

"Sweet shape, sweet shape
 . . ." Linda cooed, dribbling
her glue.

"Tod," Emily called down
the stairwell, "can you come
up? Miss Pennfield's here—
from the home."

Silence fell, and after a
moment Tod came up the
stairs, sleeves rolled up, saw-
dust in his hair, and wearing
only wool socks on his feet.
There was, of course, a hole
in one sock.

"Miss Pennfield!" Tod said,
with a glorious innocent smile.
"It's nice to see you! Have you
looked at the house?"

And at Miss Pennfield's
polite murmur, Tod sat down
with ease.

Something about his wonder-
ful poise transferred to Emily.
"All right, so I am hopeless!"
she thought. She sat down with
a thump and gently reminded
Linda to hold the scissors points
down.

"The Home has high stand-
ards," Miss Pennfield was in-
forming them, now that she
was through listening and
looking. "You understand that
the utmost care is needed in
placing children. There are
certain elements that are con-
sidered essential. Without them
the case is closed!"

But Tod stood up and went
to the kitchen. He came back
with a third glass of cola.
"Muffin's been eating your
meat loaf," he told Emily. "I
put him out."

"I hope he didn't eat it all,"
she said recklessly, for Tod was
now holding the tarnished tray
to Miss Pennfield, offering her
cola when Emmy herself
should have thought to offer
tea!

"Many things accepted in
the ordinary home are not
tolerated by adoptive agencies,"
Miss Pennfield went on, taking
a small sip of cola and setting
it aside.

"That's to be expected," Tod
agreed. "Have you seen the
baby's room?"

"Yes," Miss Pennfield said,
"I have." And then she stood
up to leave. "It's too bad I
took you unawares—but thank
you both so much."

"Oh, thank you," Tod an-
swered warmly and he shook
her hand. Then he put an arm
tight around Emily while they
stood at the door.

Miss Pennfield walked
smartly down the path and got
into her car.

In silent despair Tod and
Emmy went back into the
living-room and sat down close
together. "At least we didn't
deceive her," Tod said softly.
"She came for the truth and
she found it."

Emily's tears ran down her
face. "I'm sorry, Tod," she
said, weeping. "If I could only
be like Fran — she's so per-
fect. But I can't even get you
a baby secondhand!"

"Don't, honey—you know
I love you just as you are."

Then the front door pushed
open. "My gloves," said Miss
Pennfield and quietly stepped
inside.

Tod stayed just where he
was, with his arms around his
wife, while Miss Pennfield
came forward to pick up her
gloves.

"Goodbye, Miss Pennfield,"
Linda said bluntly from the
floor.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Linda," Miss
Pennfield hesitated. "I don't
believe I said goodbye to you.
You seem to be having fun."

"I always have fun here,"
Linda said, chopping bits of
paper.

"Oh?" Miss Pennfield's
attention settled on the little
girl. "I wonder why?"

"I don't know," Linda stuck
bits of paper together with
jam. "I guess because my own
Mommy never has time. She
doesn't like a mess. I'd rather
be here at Emmy's than any
place."

Miss Pennfield murmured
goodbye to all of them and
then went to the door. Then
she turned back.

"I can't make any promises,
you know," she said stiffly to
Tod and Emily. "But the
family relationship is favorable.
The most essential element of
all. I shouldn't worry, Mrs.
Pierce. If I were you, I'd buy
some baby oil and things."

The door closed behind her.
"Tod—we made it!" Emily
cried, collapsing in his arms.
"I think we made it—just as
we are."

"You know," Tod said,
smiling, "I do believe that old
biddy has a heart."

"That old biddy had dog
hairs on her seat," said Linda
from the floor.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1958

A wonderfully practical idea for glamorous entertaining!

... the lovely 12 piece

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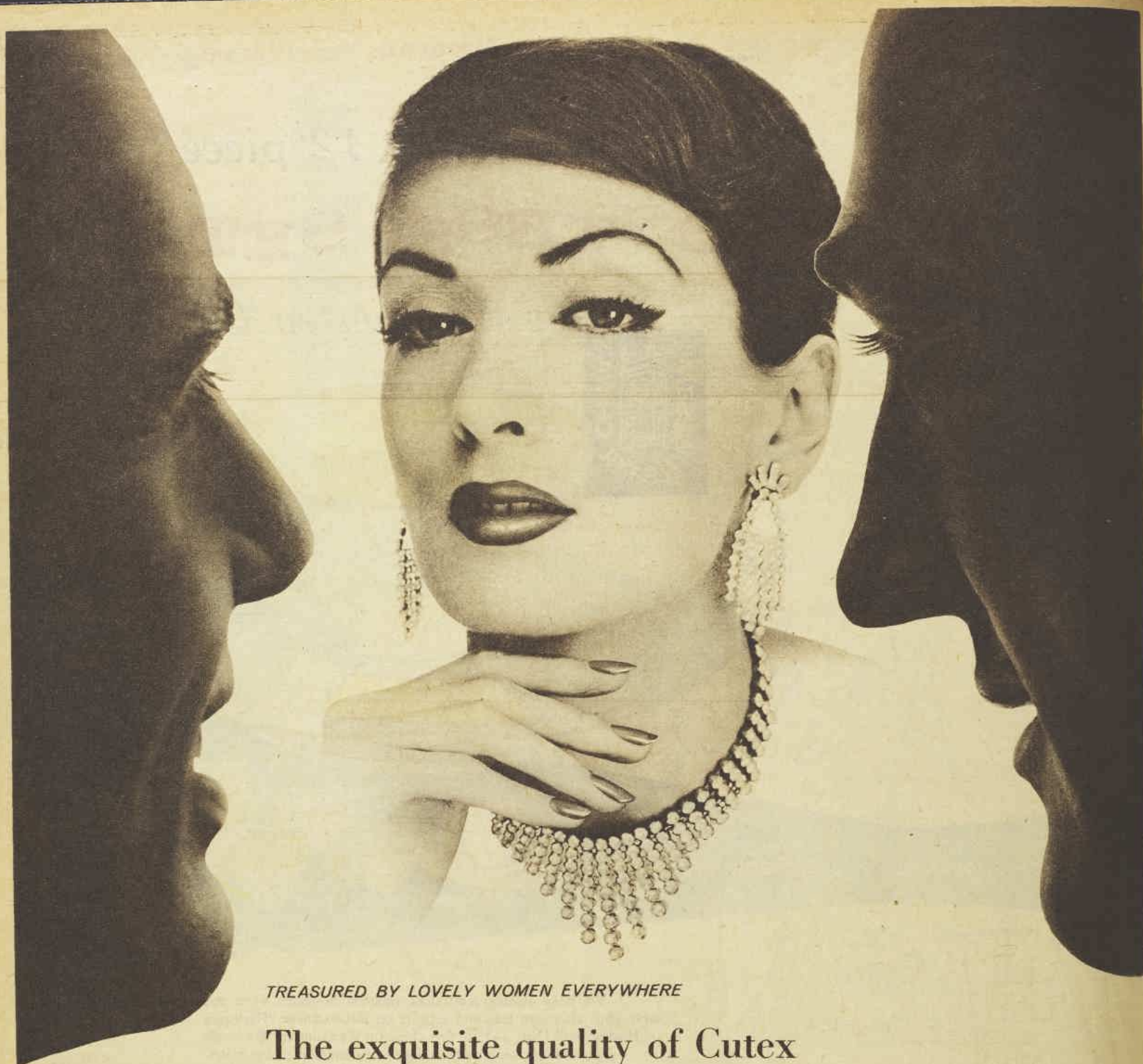
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'STAY FAST' LIPSTICK - SWIVEL CASE.....	6/6
'STAY FAST' LIPSTICK - REGULAR CASE.....	4/11



She wondered suddenly what kind of woman she did imagine herself to be. And in an unexpected flash of intuition realised that she had seen herself always as a kind of golden goddess, infinitely desirable but forever unattainable. She had the grace to laugh at her own thoughts. Women like that were a drug on the market and almost always frauds in her opinion.

"I like you when you laugh," Steve told her. "You look quite human."

Jane sobered hastily. "It's merely an illusion, I assure you."

Steve nodded in mock understanding. "A monument," he agreed. "Guaranteed pure marble. Pilgrimages permitted annually. No flowers, by request." Jane let it pass.

Stan and Connie boarded Frank's car, leaving a baby-sitting aunt in charge after interminable last-minute instructions. Taking her by now familiar place beside Steve, Jane leaned back to enjoy the cool, soft, oncoming darkness. It was a long time since she had enjoyed herself like this.

With such friendly, real people. But I don't really belong with them, she thought. If I were to disappear overnight, I doubt if anyone would even notice, except the one who stepped into my shoes at Carter's. She shivered suddenly.

"Liking it?" Steve asked. "It's certainly an education," she replied.

"Just wait till you see Dean Kirby!" he remarked.

The cars headed for town again. They drove up a lane beside a corn-chandler's shop, on past a bakery, and out into a bare paddock cropped off by a pensioned-off horse. Both cars hooted excitedly as they approached a large wooden barn and at once a stable door at one end was flung open top and bottom and a big blond young man stood silhouetted in light.

All trooped into the building, amid hilarious greetings, this being, apparently, the evening's highlight. The place was lined inside with odd bits of wallboard, all painted dif-

Continuing . . .

ferent gay colors. Northward, looking out to timbered hills growing rapidly inscrutable with night, large slabs of window had been fitted. Workbenches and shelves ran round the room, and pointed above them were posters, magazine illustrations, and lay-outs for advertisements. A small annexe at one end was evidently used as a kitchen, but the occupants apparently slept on the huge divan now being pulled out into the middle of the room as a seat.

Dean, with a magician's flourish, had produced a case of beer, proceeding to fill glasses, mugs, beakers. Wendy appeared, bearing a basket of fruit and nuts, and a big wooden tray carrying hunks of cheese and biscuits. Wendy was beautiful. Sheath-slim in a soft flame-colored brocade, strikingly graceful, and with long slender hands. Her blue-black hair drawn back into a chignon on the nape of her neck.

Everyone was talking, laughing, with lit faces. Dean explained that this was a celebration. Apparently it was quite unusual to find anything to eat or drink here, and the party had come prepared.

"Oh, do tell us what you're celebrating!" Ila called, shrill with excitement. Dean lifted his glass high, a theatrical gesture, but he could afford it. He had a magnificent body.

"Today," he announced, "we bought the Barn, cash down. Wendy and I had a wedding, and my wife resigned from her job!"

Everyone cheered, laughing, as if at a tremendous joke. Wendy only smiled. Jane wondered if it really were a joke? She turned to find Steve beside her.

"What is he?" she asked. "Is he pulling our legs?"

"I don't think so," Steve said. "He's an artist. He hasn't had much luck, but she believes in him enough to make him believe in himself."

"Don't tell me you've struck it rich at last!" Frank ex-

After All

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claimed, new respect in his tone.

"Rich!" Dean scoffed. "That's all you think about, you — peasants! What do we care for money, security? Life's not meant to be static. Life's in the living of it. Adventure, experiment, creation — We're richer than any of you will ever be. Who'll have another glass?"

Dean took them over to his workbenches, to demonstrate the new kind of costume jewellery he had invented. Really lovely stuff, with all the appearance of costing a small fortune. Jane had seen nothing in the shops like these translucent bubbles of pure color, webbed in what looked like silver filigree. Dean and Wendy were like two children who suddenly find themselves in fairyland. They had made a game of their poverty for so long, clinging with passionate insistence to Dean's need to be true to his art. Now he had cleared the first big hurdle of financial independence. He already had more orders than he could fill, and Wendy was to be initiated into the business.

Everything he did had the stamp of the man's exuberant personality, his zest for life. "He'll never be content just to go on making women's trinkets!" Jane declared to Steve. Steve chuckled. "Of course not! But don't you see, he's free now to go ahead and develop his own idiom. Murals are his gift, and there's a growing field for them now in industry and commerce. You wait, he'll make a name for himself yet."

It seemed odd to Jane that he must first prove himself by being able to make money. But perhaps everyone had to compete on the world's terms before he could be free to impose his own way on the world. That's the toll our society exacts, she thought. Queer, too, that a man like Dean couldn't succeed on his own. But there was, after all, so little for one

to build with. A third dimension lacking, that only came into being when man and woman worked together.

Presently the two cars were moving on again, to the dance. It had been a wonderful evening, but it would soon be over now. Quietness fell on Jane as she savored these last hours of the most crazily delightful dinner-date of her life.

When they were dancing together, Steve said suddenly: "You wouldn't change with any of them, Jane?"

Pride demanded a pat answer, but Jane just hadn't the right mood. "I'm afraid I'm too short on talent to compete," she returned, smiling a little. Thinking, it will probably be another six months before he comes this way again on business. Thinking, why did I ever try to weave such a sticky web of false pretences?

They circled dreamily to romantic music. "I'd still like to know which set-up you'd prefer, though," Steve persisted.

When she didn't answer immediately he added: "Let me guess — Frank and Ila's, I'll bet!"

Jane laughed. "Definitely not! I think I'd just like to be in love like Sylvia, secure like Ila, contented like Connie, and have Wendy's wonderful knack of, of—"

"Wendy's courage?" he suggested.

"Yes," Jane agreed. "She's such a real person."

"I wish you had her courage, too," Steve said. Jane looked at him quickly. "If you had Wendy's courage," he said, "and Connie's generosity, Ila's tolerance, and Sylvia's faith, I'd ask you to marry me, Jane."

Pride should have registered indignation at such a formidable array of qualifications. But at the moment Jane seemed to be under a spell, in which pretence was impossible.

"I'm sorry," she told him. "I've nothing like that to offer."

Only an awful emptiness and an infinite need."

Steve's voice sounded suddenly as though he had been running hard. "Oh, Jane, you, you little fool! Why didn't I know it was like that with you six years ago?"

"I didn't know it myself," she confessed. "It's taken me all this time to grow up."

They looked at each other for a long time, admitting wordless wonders.

"Let's go," Steve said abruptly. "I've things to tell you I don't want overheard."

They made their way gradually towards the entrance, and presently disappeared into their own unique future. But not before Jane had seen the smile in Sylvia's young eyes. The evening, then, had been a trap for her unwary feet? But Jane didn't begrudge that little flash of exultation. Her own was so much greater, after all.

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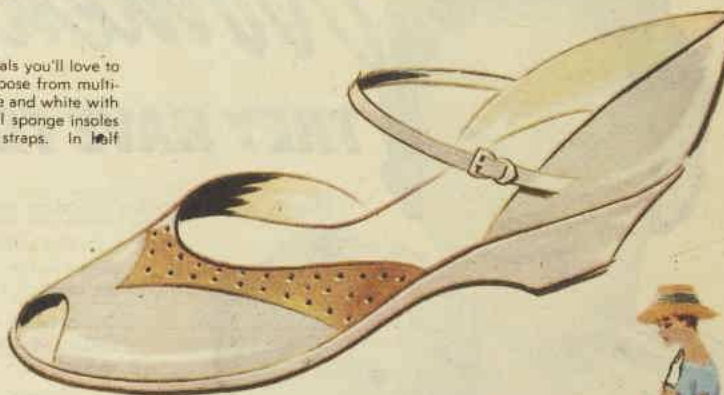


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A gently tapered two-toned casual everybody will love. The cracker trim on white bark matches latest fashion colours! The sponge insole and medium heel will make walking fun! In softest leather, half sizes, 2-7. Price 64/6.



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For name of your nearest retailer in Sydney Ring B 0969
Extension 205. In Melbourne Ring MF 037 Extension 255.

Prices slightly higher in country areas

"It's old Matt. I mustn't ring too late or he'll be in bed. What about the child? Can I leave her here?"

"Why not?" Mr. Dominique smiled with his sad eyes. "You feel she may be shy? Shall I find Florian? Would she care to see him?"

"Oh, is he at home?" Polly's natural enthusiasm escaped her before she remembered how worried she was. "I thought you were starting him in the kitchens at Aix."

"In a few weeks. At the moment he is downstairs very unhappy. I should like you to see him."

"I should love it," she assured him, and nodded and smiled as he drifted away to allow her to enjoy her consomme.

She drank it as quickly as its heat would permit and obviously did not taste it at all.

"You won't mind staying here, will you?" she said to Annabelle, her eyes very blue and anxious as she peered into the young face. "I want to talk to Sybille. She's my oldest woman friend, and she's got a very good head. There's nothing like business to clear the mind. If you live alone as I do you can start imagining all sort of silly rubbish until you're terrified of your own shadow."

Annabelle's eyes widened appreciatively. "I know you can. It's always happening in the country. People have great quarrels and make it up again, all without seeing or communicating with each other in any way, but I shouldn't think you had to bother about that, Aunt Polly. You're not frightened of much, are you?"

Polly shivered. "You be quiet, and eat your scampi. Now that I'm sitting here in this dear old room I do wonder what I'm fidgeting about. Your uncle and I always had this table, and they try to give it to me still whenever I come in. They're a very good family, the Dominiques."

"Is Florian the grandson?" "Yes, he is to him. They're very proud of him. He's just left Chichester, where he did very well."

"The school?"

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"Of course. He may be a little grand. They're tremendously wealthy. It spoils a child sometimes."

"What for? The kitchens at Aix?"

"Oh no. He expects that. It's a tradition. Anyhow, don't worry. Just be yourself and you'll be all right."

Annabelle was silent. Since seeing the film she had felt a little like a puppy which, after being a considerable success, has suddenly ceased to amuse. Polly was thinking about her no longer. Meanwhile, the food was extraordinarily good and the service an art, under Mr. Dominique's personal supervision. The whole thing was a revelation to the girl, a glimpse into a mystique.

POLLY decided against a sweet for herself, and when Annabelle's ice arrived she rose to her feet.

"I think I'll run along now," she said. "I've caught her eye. I'll send for you before we go. Sybille is certain to want to meet you. She was very fond of Freddy."

She went quickly down the room towards the desk and Annabelle, a trifle forlorn, sat looking after her. She had just time to see Mrs. Dominique climbing carefully down from her perch when a discreet cough at her elbow brought her round to find herself looking up at one of the most typical senior prefects of a British public school that she had ever set eyes on.

Annabelle had some experience and her eyes took in the large solemn youngster and noted his superb self-possession and slightly anxious inquiry about herself with complete understanding. The two regarded each other blankly for a minute as if they had met on a desert island, and then shook hands with open relief.

"You're the niece."

"You're the grandson."

"Oh well, then," he smiled at her, the sun coming out on

his face as he passed her with honors, "I mean to say, that's all right, isn't it? Do you mind if I sit down?"

Meanwhile, in the tiny green-walled office behind the cash desk, amid a lifetime's collection of trophies, photographs, and caricatures, Sybille Dominique stretched up like a kitten on her toes to take her old friend's face between her hands.

"Ah, my Polly, how are you, my pet? How good it is to see you. You look awful, dearest, absolutely awful. What is the matter, eh? What is it? Come and sit down and tell me all about it."

She had one of those voices which, after tinkling in youth, are apt to crackle in age, but the graces and little affections of her heyday still hung about her by no means unpleasantly. She had always been a genuine person and her intelligence had survived.

The two elderly women in their good black clothes sat down together on the small settee which fitted neatly into the wall behind the door, and there was a pause while a waiter brought them coffee and little glasses.

"I've been watching you," Mrs. Dominique said. "The girl is quite remarkably beautiful, but are you sure she's twenty-four?"

"Eighteen. It's the sister."

"Oh, but that is no good at all. Polly, what are you thinking of? Eighteen? The child's a liability. They haven't met, I hope?"

"Hardly. She's very sweet, Sybille, very sensible."

"But much too young," Mrs. Dominique spoke flatly and dismissed the subject. "Have you seen Gerry?"

"Only for a minute or two this morning. He was on his way through London."

"And was he all right?"

"I thought so, dear. How do you mean?"

Mrs. Dominique poured the black coffee into the half cups

and dropped a hand on her old friend's knee.

"Why do you want him to marry?" she demanded. "I don't believe in interfering. I thought it over after what you said last time. You like him, Freddy liked him, he's charming and fond of you both in a nice way. You don't know these girls of the brother's family. I should make my will in favor of the person I liked best and forget it. That's my advice."

"Yes," Polly was not listening. She drank her coffee very quickly and put down the cup with a rattle.

The other woman eyed her inquisitively. "You haven't any reason? There isn't anything you haven't told me?"

"No." The lie was suddenly quite apparent and Mrs. Dominique settled back and folded her hands.

"Ah, well," she said, "who can judge, eh? Who can advise? Never mind. Now, who have I seen? Practically no one. Old Matt Phillipson came in the other day with a client."

"Yes," Polly interrupted her. "I must telephone him. I want to get hold of him before he goes to bed."

"Plenty of time. He stays at his club until half past eleven these days. He can't sleep like the rest of us. I trust him, though, don't you? One of the best. We've both got a lot to be grateful to Matt for. He's looked after us for a few years, my goodness. Kind, too, and always discreet. If you want something awkward done, shout for Matt."

"Sybille," Polly turned towards her. "Sybille, do you remember, quite a long time ago, Gerry and me and some gloves?"

Mrs. Dominique sat looking at her, her dark eyes very bright and knowing, and her lips smiling.

"Ah," she said, "so that's it, my Polly. He's flown in

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Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"CLARE." — Graceful skirt-fullness, a pretty collar line, and a white bodice accent are combined in this one-piece summer dress. The material is check gingham obtainable in red and white, pink and white, blue and white, green and white, and brown and white.

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• NOTE: If ordering by mail send to address on page 62. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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AH-choo! Don't put a cold in your pocket! "How thoughtful he is..." Olivia thinks. "The darling hands me soft, disposable Kleenex tissues at the first sneeze!"

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Watch for the next instalment of Olivia and George with Kleenex tissues... "Wedding Bells".

KK296AR

Page 47

**RUNS RINGS
CHRISTMAS CAKE**

"Mother's Christmas

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MOTHER'S CHOICE DESSERTS**



AROUND ANY
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Of course you'll want one to cut! So why not double this 6-ounce recipe and turn out two perfect 8-inch Mother's Choice Christmas Ring Cakes at the same time. Quickest to bake, and decorate, neatest to cut—and mmm what flavour.

THIS 6-OZ. RECIPE MAKES ONE 8-INCH RING CAKE

COMBINE 6 ozs. raisins, 6 ozs. sultanas, 2 ozs. each currants, chopped peel, cherries, almonds, dates and prunes in bowl.

POUR OVER 3 tablespoons rum or sherry and stand overnight.

CREAM 6 ozs. brown sugar and 6 ozs. shortening. **BEAT IN** 3 eggs and 1 dessertspoon Mother's Choice Coffee Essence then prepared fruit.

MIX IN 4 ozs. (1 cup) Mother's Choice Plain Flour, 3 ozs. ($\frac{3}{4}$ cup) Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ level teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon each cinnamon and spice sifted together.

SPOON into prepared 8" ring pan and hollow out from centre.

COOK in barely moderate oven with decreasing heat 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours.

COOL in pan.

DECORATE with a strip of white icing and top with marzipan or crystallised fruits.

TO PREPARE PAN Cut a circle of white paper to fit pan then cut out centre circle. Place in pan and grease. Cut a strip of paper 2" higher than pan to fit right round. Grease and place in position inside outer edge. There is no paper round inner circle.

* If making two cakes at once, simply double the above mixture and divide evenly between two 8" ring tins.



★ Mother's Choice Flummery. With a slight variation makes Velvet Whip.
★ Mother's Choice Spanish Delight. Also makes extra creamy Ice Cream.
★ Mother's Choice Jellies. Delicious flavours. Set firmly without refrigeration.

a temper again, has he? They do, of course. You were lucky in Freddy, dearest. He was a sweet-tempered man, and you had no sons, so you don't know. Most of them aren't like that."

"That's right," Polly sounded relieved. Her calm face, which could still look beautiful on occasion, had cleared. "That's right. Gerry was only angry, wasn't he? He'd lost the gloves I'd given him, and he was irritated by it. That was all, wasn't it? That really was all?"

Sybylle Dominique allowed a little, grunting old woman's laugh to escape her.

"Whatever the cause it was quite a performance," she said. "It nearly put me off the boy for good. Temper! He teetered like a monkey, and all about nothing. We were only teasing him, weren't we? Both of us, at the table just outside here, very late. He'd taken you to a show, and you had the last two covers to be served. I had mine with you."

She broke off, her eyes widen-

ing. "It must be years ago. I know he sent me some flowers the next day with a little note and I decided I'd have to forgive him. It shook me though, because it was so unexpected. He's always been so charming. It was your clipping out of the newspaper which upset him."

"I don't remember that," Polly had become obstinately stupid. "I don't remember any more about it than what you've just said."

"Then, although you're younger, my memory is better."

The little woman threw herself back on the couch with a crowd of amusement.

"I remember you suddenly brought out a terrible police picture of a single glove with an awful stained wrist, which you'd cut out of the paper. You pushed it over to him and said, 'Aren't those like the gloves I gave you?' and he

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

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turned on you as if you'd bitten him."

She slid a tiny arm through the other woman's own and squeezed her. "It wasn't very tactful, dear," she said laughing. "It was something a murderer had left behind."

"Oh no, Sybylle, no!" Polly's cry was from the heart. It escaped her involuntarily and the woman beside her set down her glass and wriggled round in her corner so she could look in her face.

"Polly."

"Yes?"

"What's happened, my dear? What is it? Come on, out with it."

"Nothing. Honestly, Sybylle."

She was making a great effort forcing herself to meet the inquiring eyes. "Truly. Well, almost nothing. Just some silly man who appears to be a private detective called and asked me in a roundabout way if I'd ever bought a pair of men's gloves to give away as a present . . ."

"What did you tell him?"

"Nothing."

"Good. Dominique had become the businesswoman again, shockproof, and packed with resource. "A private detective. That's nearly always divorce. You won't want to get involved in that. Oh, how irritating of Gerry, silly man! He's attractive, you see, and women are quite relentless. Well, never mind, better find out now than later."

She was sitting very upright at the edge of the settee, managing to suggest somehow a miniature black poodle begging.

"Don't worry, dear. Perhaps it's as well. This girl is out of the question because of her age, and it'll give you time to find another, or her to grow a year or so older. Women age faster than men."

"I don't think it was divorce," Polly made the statement and closed her lips. Mrs. Dominique watched her mouth and said, "Oh," flatly, and there was silence for a moment.

"Polly," she began at last, taking a long breath, "this is only an idea. Only something I'd do myself just to be on the right side. I mean, dear, no one would ever dream . . ."

"What are you thinking of?" Mrs. Dominique hesitated and presently busied herself pouring out cold coffee.

"When one is fond of a son, real, adopted, or step, one has no rules," she began oracularly. "I know that. One forgives. That is all there is to it, and the whole nature of the attachment. That's life. But, dearest, one still ought to know. One should take common precautions, both for his sake and for one's own."

"How do you mean?" Polly's blue eyes were suspicious. The other woman put a little arm round her shoulders.

"Dearest, we have both been friendly with this charming boy for ten or twelve years now, and yet what do we really know about him? Nothing that he has not told us himself. Now wait, wait . . ." she held up her free hand imperatively, although Polly had not spoken. "I only want to take that appalling look off your old face, bless you. Why don't you let me find out the facts about him really discreetly, so that no one ever knows an inquiry has been made?"

"Through the trade?"

"No, easier than that. Superintendent Cullingford often comes in here to see Pete. A most charming man. He's Security himself, but these fellows all know one another. If . . ."

"No," Polly was very pale and her eyes were dark again. "No, Sybylle, promise. No. Not a word."

Mrs. Dominique sat looking at her anxiously, true apprehension appearing for the first time on her small face.

"All right, dear," she said, "all right. Now you want to ring up Matt. He's a real true friend, that man. You can trust him. There's the telephone. I shall just be in the desk."

She went out in her precise, dignified way and the portly smugger, who happened to be passing, hurried himself for the honor of helping up into her high chair.

ALONE in the office, Polly took up the telephone and gave a Hampstead number. After a minute or so a voice answered her and her face cleared.

"Hullo, Mrs. Harper. Is Mr. Phillipson in yet? Hullo? Hullo, my dear, what is it? Mrs. Harper, what's the matter? This is Mrs. Tassie. He — what? Oh, where? Where? In his office tonight? Shot? Oh, no, no, no, no!"

"Polly, hush. My dear, the diners." Peter Dominique, pale and startled, closed the office door hastily and came over to her in time to take the receiver from her hand.

The young plainclothes man, stepping carefully to avoid the gap where floorboards had been removed to be examined for bloodstains by the police laboratory, edged down the little bus towards the two model figures arranged on the front seat and adjusted them slightly.

Mr. Campion, who was standing next to Charlie Luke in the darkness watching the proceedings, thought he had never seen anything so macabre in his life, yet all the horror was implied and not actual.

The moonlight was still very strong, although it was clouding over in the east, and at this end of the dump, which was a graveyard of vehicles of all descriptions, with an open space before it where the wall of oil drums had been, the scene was like a deserted battlefield. The black shadows were suggestive and the highlights incongruous.

In the midst of it the shabby, homely little bus stood panting. Its engine was noisy but sound enough, and its single interior light made a faint pool of yellow in the black and silver world.

The two figures had been tidied as much as possible, and the glimpse of them, which was visible through the lopped and fringed curtains of the front window, was unexpectedly convincing. They had been designed and made in the heyday of such models, when time was no object, so that even now, when they were practically in pieces, they remained extraordinarily lifelike.

The plainclothes man climbed out again and Luke, who was playing with the coins in his pocket, took a sighing breath. Campion could see his sharp face and crop of shorn curls silhouetted against the floodlit sky. He was taking a considerable chance in backing his hunch, and no one knew better than he how dangerous it might be for him.

If the shed should prove to be the innocuous workshop of a reputable man who decided to stand on his rights, and the figures proved to be his innocent property and nothing to do with the bus, then questions very difficult to answer might easily be put not only to the Superintendent but to his superior officers, whose atti-

tude to the Goff's Place mystery had been expressed already.

"Right," Luke said as the plainclothes man's slim body dissolved into the pool of dark behind the bus. "Now I think we'll have the principal witness, Sergeant."

"Okay, sir. Shan't be a jiffy. He's outside in the car."

The voice in the shadows to their left betrayed a tremor beneath its heartiness. The sergeant was a local man from the Canal Road Station nearby. It had been one of his men who had followed up the chance word from the oil-drum loaders overheard in a public house, and who had made the discovery of the bus itself.

The incident had entailed a great deal of work for his office and for a time there had been frustration, when it had appeared as if the Tailor Street Station in the West End, Headquarters of the C.I.D. Division to which the Goff's Place case properly belonged, could not supply the witnesses required. At last two of them had been located, one, mercifully, the all-important waiter whose recollection had been so particularly vivid. Now the test which was to decide if the whole exercise had been a waste of time was about to take place.

"I should have waited for Donne," Luke's confidential murmur buzzed like a whole hive of bees in Mr. Campion's ear. "Have you met him? He is the D.D.G.I. of Tailor Street. You'll like him. Funny, vague sort of bloke until you know him, then you see where

you made your big mistake—not unlike you, really." He paused. "No offence, of course."

Mr. Campion smiled in the darkness.

"This is his pigeon, I suppose."

"Very much so. Goff's Place is in his manor and he did the original homework, such as it was. Worry, mostly." He laughed softly, but still managed to make the sound ferocious. "He'll be along soon, but they've just copped in for another showy homicide up there. Some old legal eagle got himself written off in Minton Terrace this afternoon. Donne was in the thick of it when I caught him on the telephone."

He cleared his throat and spoke more softly than ever. "But I thought I'd better find out about this particular exercise before old Yeo takes it into his head to blow down here himself."

He turned his head quickly as a murmur of voices reached them from the winding path behind them.

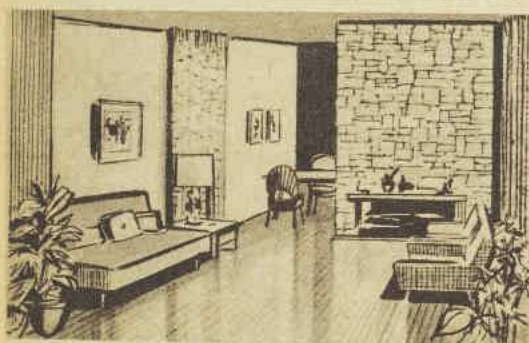
"Now for the witness," he muttered. "Hold your breath."

There was a brief moment of quiet, during which the far-off noises of the city became noticeable, and then a strong cockney voice, villainously refined, said distinctly:

"Oh, yase." Nobody spoke and he repeated it. "Yase. That's them all right and that's the bus. I'd know it anywhere, anywhere I'd know it." The speaker then moved closer,

To page 53

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Shapely sweater in hand-knit cotton

• This form-fitting cotton
sweater in mock chain-stitch will
be a handy summer wardrobe
booster and a good companion
for skirts and slacks around the
house or at spectator sports.

HERE are the directions
for making the smart
sweater illustrated at the
right.

Materials: 12oz. Strutt's Mil-
ford knitting cotton, No. 8, or
Strutt's Lustre knitting cotton,
No. 5; 1 pair No. 14 "Aero"
knitting needles; zip-fastener to
fit.

Tension: 27 sts. to 2½ in. after
pressing.

Measurements: To fit 34 in.
bust, with 36 in., 38 in., and
40 in. bust in brackets.

Note: c.o. cotton over.

BACK

Cast on 165 (177, 189, 201)
sts. and work in patt. as fol-
lows:

1st Row (right side): P 3,
* k 3, p 3, rep. from * across
row.

2nd Row: K 3, * p 3, k 3,
rep. from * across row.

Rep. these 2 rows once.

5th Row: P 3, * c.o., k 3
tog., c.o., p 3, rep. from *
across row.

6th Row: As 2nd row.
Rep. these 6 rows for patt.
Work in patt. for 1 (1, 1½,
1½) in.

Next Row: Keeping patt.
uniform, dec. 1 st. at beg. and
end of row, then dec. 1 st. on
each side every ½ in. twice.
Work even for 1 in.

Next Row: Inc. 1 st. each
side, then inc. 1 st. each side
every ½ in. until there are 183
(195, 207, 219) sts. on needle.
Work even until back measures
13 (13, 13½, 13½) in. from beg.

TO SHAPE ARMHOLES

Keeping patt. uniform, cast
off 7 (8, 9, 10) sts. at beg. of
next 4 rows, then dec. 1 st. on
each side every other row 3
(5, 5, 7) times. Work even
until armholes measure 4½ (4½,
5, 5½) in. from first dec. point,
ending on wrong side.

Next Row: Back Opening:
Work across 74 (76, 80, 82)
sts., inc. 1 st. in last st., tie
in another ball of cotton, and
work across rem. 75 (77, 81,
83) sts.

Keeping the 2 sts. at each
side of opening in st-st. and re-
mainder of sts. in patt., work
both sides at one time. Work
even until armholes measure 7½
(7½, 8, 8) in. from first dec.
point.

Next 4 Rows: Cast off 16
(17, 18, 19) sts. at beg. of each
row.

Next 2 Rows: Cast off 17
(17, 18, 18) sts. at beg. of each
row.

Cast off rem. 26 (26, 27, 27)
sts. on each side for back of
neck.

FRONT

Work same as back, omitting
centre opening. Shape arm-
holes as on back. Work even



until armholes measure 5½
(5½, 5½, 6) in. from first dec.
point.

TO SHAPE NECK

Next Row: Work across 58
(60, 63, 65) sts. Cast off 33
(33, 35, 35) sts. for neck; work
across rem. sts.

Next Row: Work across 58
(60, 63, 65) sts., tie in another
ball of cotton, and work both
sides at same time.

Next Row: Dec. 1 st. at each
side of neck edge, then dec.
1 st. at each side of neck edge
every other row 8 times.

Work even until armholes
measure same as back arm-
holes. Cast off shoulders same
as back shoulders.

SLEEVES

Cast on 75 (75, 81, 81) sts.
and work in patt. same as in
back for ½ in.

Next Row: Keeping patt.
uniform, inc. 1 st. on each side,
then inc. 1 st. on each side
every 4th row until there are
139 (143, 149, 151) sts. on
needle.

Work even until sleeve meas-

ures 12½ (13, 13½, 14) in. from
beg.

Next 2 Rows: Cast off 7 sts.
at beg. of each row, then dec.
1 st. at beg. and end of every
other row until 71 (73, 77, 77)
sts. rem. on needle.

Next 6 Rows: Cast off 4 sts.
at beg. of each row. Cast off
rem. 47 (49, 53, 53) sts.

NECKBAND

Cast on 13 sts. and work in
patt. as follows:

1st Row (right side): P 1,
* k 3, p 1, rep. from * twice.

2nd Row: K 1, * p 3, k 1,
rep. from * twice.

Rep. these 2 rows once.
5th Row: P 1, * c.o., k 3
tog., c.o., p 1, rep. from *
twice.

6th Row: As 2nd row.

Rep. these 6 rows until band
measures 13 (13½, 13½) in.
from beg., ending with 3rd row
of patt., cast off.

SLEEVE BAND

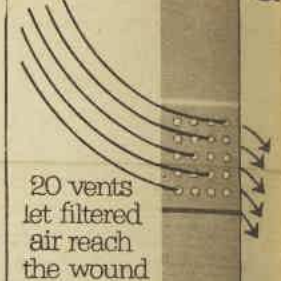
(Make 2)

Cast on 13 sts. and work
same as neckband for 7½ (7½,
8, 8) in. from beg., ending with
6th row of patt., cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press pieces to measurements.
Sew shoulders, sides, and sleeve
seams. Sew sleeves in position.
Sew neckband round neck edge
of blouse, placing right side of
band and right side of blouse
tog. with narrow ends at each
side of neck opening. Turn to
inside of neck edge and hem.
Sew narrow ends of sleeve
bands together and sew to
sleeve edge in same manner.
Sew zip-fastener in back
opening.

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TOOTHBRUSH
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BUY!

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Miss Precious Minutes...

AN electric iron can be kept smooth and clean under-
neath by wiping over the base with a cloth soaked
in cold tea. This will remove all stains.

THE next time you have difficulty removing a screw,
try rubbing a few drops of vinegar around the top
of the screw before using the screwdriver.

WIRE baskets are ideal for storing vegetables because
they allow the air to circulate. Screw a few cup-
hooks into the underside of a cupboard shelf and hang
as many baskets as you need from them.

paused, and presently made a remark which in the circumstances was absolutely terrifying.

"The old lady's awake now, I see. Of course, she was all out, sleeping like a rock, when I see her before, when the bus was in Goff's Place."

"Half a moment, sir." The sergeant's voice, brisk and resourceful, was welcome. Someone had giggled hysterically and Mr. Campion felt for him. He hoped it was not himself. There was a muttered consultation near the bus, and presently the young plainclothes man appeared again, edging his way along it. He moved the head of the figure nearest the window very slightly, so that the eyes were in shadow.

The effect of the manoeuvre was oddly reassuring to most of the audience, but the impact on the witness was completely different and much more violent. He swore abruptly and unprintably and in an entirely different accent now that the refinement was absent.

"Now, that I did not know," he said at last, and his tone would have carried conviction even in the Old Bailey. "That's got me, that 'as, right in the wind. Images! Strewth, you wouldn't believe it, would yer?" There was a long pause and he suddenly said, "Ere, what about . . . ?"

The new idea which had presented itself to his mind was apparent to Luke before he expressed it.

"Wait a moment, son," he chipped in hastily. "Don't say anything now about any other occasion on which you may or may not have seen any part of the exhibit. One thing at a time. All we want to know at the moment is if, in your opinion, this is the vehicle you saw in Goff's Place on the date as recorded in your statement. Sergeant, you'll see to this, will you?"

He led Mr. Campion away quickly, picking his way towards the moonlit path which led down through the dump to the shed.

"He'll remember on his own where else he saw them," he confided in the same sepulchral rumble. "Once we start helping him we're suspect. Must be. The old girl in Garden Green says she put those figures out. We'll find out what she meant by that tomorrow. She probably paid the dustman to take them away."

"Do you think these are hers?"

"Oh, yes, I do." Luke's peaked eyebrows were briefly visible as a shaft of light passed over his face. "I do. I mean to say, they're remarkable. They take people in. There can't be two sets of jokers like that wild in the pack." He hesitated. "She was on the level, though, I thought; didn't you? She knew nothing."

Mr. Campion did not commit himself. He was saved from the necessity by the appearance of the local inspector from the Canal Road Station, a compact, bustling man called Kinder, only just above regulation height. He came hurrying through the chequered darkness, his torch bobbing on the path before him.

"The first shot is a bull, Inspector," Luke said, and Campion heard the man's grunt of relief.

"An unqualified identification, sir?"

"He seems quietly confident." The Superintendent appeared to echo the mood. "It's in the bag, barring act of God. While we wait for the other witnesses I shall authorise a search of the shed. I'm going down there now."

"Yes, sir." Kinder was far too experienced to criticise. Instead, he opened the subject he had come to discuss. "Young Waterfield, Superintendent," he began, "he's made a very full statement, and there is only one point in it which isn't entirely satisfactory. His address has been checked and his proofs of identity are all right."

"He has spent the day with the man who owns the shed, and he's not the type to break in and enter save in the way of friendship, as it were. Do you still feel that we should hold him until this fellow Hawker, or Chad-Horder, turns up?"

"You don't?" Luke's laugh was not lighthearted. "What's the unsatisfactory item in his statement?"

"Nothing very much. I simply felt he wasn't giving us quite the lot. He says he first saw Hawker in a barber's in Edge Street about eleven this morning, but he isn't particularly clear why he went there. It's not the place where he usually gets a haircut. He simply says he found Hawker interesting, but he doesn't say why or why he spent the day with him instead of going to work."

He paused. "None of the

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



possible explanations which leap to my mind apply," he added primly. "He's a decent kid from a good and influential sort of home, and my instinct is to let him go. It may be that he's right when he says that he began to think Hawker was a crook who was trying to use him to alibi some job between half-past five and six which went wrong. Waterfield may just fancy himself as a detective."

Luke's teeth flashed in the half light.

"Same like me," he said cheerfully. "All right. Do what you think best, chum. He's all yours. All I want is an eye kept on him so that when I need him I can have him brought in on a dog-lead. Have you got the staff for that?"

"I think so, sir." "Fine!" Luke's shrug was not visible in the shadows, but both men would have sworn to it. "I'm expecting Chief Inspector Donne from Tailor Street, by the way. I shall be obliged if he could be told to look for me down here in the shed."

"Righto, sir. I'm just going along to the exhibit now, but I'll send someone back with the message." Kinder continued towards the bus, and Luke and Campion pressed on towards the shed.

"He's quite right, blast him," Luke said presently. "I can't go holding nice little lads from literate families who can write to Members of Parliament just because I've got a hunch I may need 'em. Of course I can't. Who do I think I am, I wonder."

An obstinate grunt escaped him. "I tell you what, though. On the strength of an identification from one bird-headed grill-room hand from a temperance hotel I am going to

Hide My Eyes

from page 50

take this shed apart if it costs me my ticket. There's some discreet homework going on there now."

They walked on to the hollow together and Mr. Campion was struck again by the extraordinarily sinister appearance of the small group of ruined buildings amid the debris, the single skylight window in the tin roof yellow in the moonlight. The door at the back of the shed was still open and as they came in one of Luke's own men, a sharp-eyed youngster called Sam May, emerged from the shadow round the entrance to the further chamber.

"There's one or two objects of interest about, sir," he began. "Nothing actually actual yet, but a lot of curious stuff. Will you step down here for a minute? Mind the bit of marble as you come."

Luke waited to look down

are four empty carboys which at one time have contained sulphuric acid, just outside over the wall here. We found two galvanised tanks in the shed itself, and there's a stirrup-pump, or the remains of one, among the junk under the work bench."

"You're thinking of the Haigh case."

The detective eyed him woodenly. "Well, it's not unnatural of me, sir, is it? I mean to say, if we've got the bus and the passengers, but we haven't got the moneylender . . . ?"

"Exactly." Luke's grin was savage. "However, don't forget first how long he's been missing, and then that if the forensic boys had waited until the end of the week to do their homework in the Haigh case, even they admit there wouldn't have been any evidence to convict on. I should feel happier if you'd found nothing to indicate that the owner of this shed had ever heard of sulphuric."

"I see, sir."

"Of course, we're not chemists," murmured the optimistic May in the background. "Give those chaps half an hour in here with their bits and bobs and there's no telling what they might be able to find."

Luke turned to Mr. Campion as they stepped back into the shed proper.

"Have you ever heard Yeo on the subject of chemists?" he observed wryly. "He says they're like war weapons. There never was a prosecution chemist born who hadn't got close at hand a defence chemist to cancel him out, and in his opinion the same thing goes for pathologists and trick cyclists. What else have you rooted up, Samuel?"

"Not a lot yet." Constable May, who had followed him out, was regretful. "We've only just scraped the surface. But there's one or two hopeful things about. Take a look at this little fitment on the bench, sir."

He pointed to a block of small drawers in rough, oil-stained wood.

"It's a repairing watch-makers' cabinet I should say. But look what's in it."

He pulled the drawers out one after another and Mr. Campion, who was watching, felt a trickle of cold creep down his spine. Yet there was nothing so very extraordinary to be seen in the dusty six-inch-square containers.

It was only that in one particular drawer, instead of the usual gritty miscellany of nuts, staples, rings, washers, screw-hooks, and eyelets which filled the rest, there was a collection of other less typical items: a new cheap lipstick in a pale color, a complete set of studs of ordinary quality, a quantity of steel hairgrips for use on grey hair, a nail file and pair of tweezers combined, a cheap butterfly brooch with the enamel chipped on one wing, a plastic cigarette holder, a key-ring with a medallion attached, a penknife with a Masonic emblem etched on it, and a dozen or so other worthless trifles, none of which possessed any individuality, but which, taken together, struck a chord in the memory of every man present.

As detectives they were all familiar with that most usual of exhibits, the contents of the deceased's pockets or handbag. The pathetic collections are always strangely similar. They consist of little personal items of no interest to anyone but their owners, and by the time they reach police notice to no one at all.

Luke stood looking at the drawer, his shoulders drooping. He was moved and avery

"Can you see anything down there at all?"

"Not a lot, sir. It might be crude oil to look at, and goodness knows how deep it is. It's sludge of some sort, that's certain."

"Huh. Anything else?"

"Nothing conclusive. There

To page 63



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(Original letter on file, Head Office.)

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FOR CAREFREE LIVING



HOME PLAN No. A648 is a delightful holiday home for coastal areas or water frontage. It is built up high to get the best view. The living-room has a front wall of glass that includes double doors and landscape panels.

● This week's home plan is designed for carefree holiday living. The striking, unconventional appearance of the house makes it ideally suited to coastal areas or to sites with a water frontage.

DIFFERENT building materials used in the home, as shown in the perspective sketch above, contrast effectively under a skillion roof on two different levels.

At the intersection of the roof, an angled chimney is featured. It provides a barbecue on the ground-level terrace, and an open fireplace in the living-room.

Shower and toilet facilities, together with laundry and storage space on ground level, would be a boon to swimmers and prevent sand and beach equipment being brought into the living-rooms upstairs. This overcomes what is frequently one of the major problems of a holiday home.

The outdoor living area not only gives shelter to a car and boat but also provides plenty of space for entertaining in fine weather.

A second bedroom could be added downstairs as a future building project. The carport could be converted to a single or double garage if required.

Entry to the home is under cover from the carport. An easy flight of stairs leads to a small landing, giving separate access to each room.

Different floor levels add interest to the rooms. Two shallow steps lead up to the living-room.

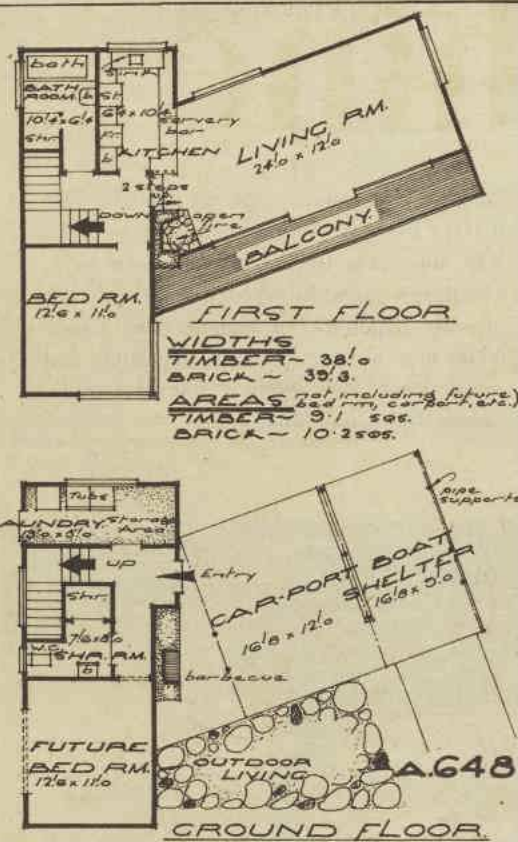
The front wall of glass in the living-room is composed of landscape panels, hopper windows, highlights, and double doors.

This delightful room sweeps out at an angle, with uninterrupted outlook on three sides.

Estimated costs of building this home, with brick or stone foundations and timber at the first-floor level, would be:

In New South Wales, £3450; in Victoria, £2950; in South Australia, £2850; in Queensland, £3050; in Tasmania, £3000.

Costs would vary greatly according to the site and the materials selected by the owner. The prices above are only approximate, and are given as a preliminary guide to readers.



FLOOR LAYOUT shows the holiday home's excellent planning. The extensive outdoor living area has a barbecue and also includes shelter for a car and a boat. The bedroom extends forward, giving the maximum outlook.

Where to buy this home plan

READERS can buy this plan at any of our Home Planning Centres which have been established in conjunction with leading stores. The Centres offer a comprehensive service to assist the intending home-builder.

STANDARD PLANS are available in hundreds of designs suitable for all blocks of land. They are usually available from stock in any building material. Each set of plans contains five copies of plan and three copies of specifications. Fee, £7/7/- per set.

A new standard plan is published in The Australian Women's Weekly every week.

HOME PLAN LEAFLETS available at present are "22 Home Plans" and "21 Home Plans." Price 2/6 each, plus 4d. postage. Inquire at your nearest Home Planning Centre.

FREE ADVISORY SERVICE on any aspect of planning, decorating, and furnishing your new home is given.

PLANS ARE SPECIALLY PREPARED to any reader's individual requirements or design or can be modified from any of our standard plans. Fee, £1/1/- per square.

MAIL ORDERS should give the number of the design and the building material to be used. Please enclose fee.

Our Centres are situated in the following stores:
BRISBANE: McWhirter's.
TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horder's. Also at the Master Builders' Bureau at Miranda.

MELBOURNE AND GEELONG: The Myer Emporium.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Horder's.

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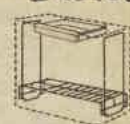
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2 TRAYS!



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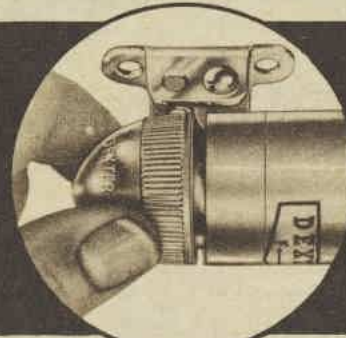
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Small (only 14" high), yet does a mighty big job—that's your MALLEYS Picnic Kettle. Boils enough water for 12 cups of tea—and cooks food on top—all at the same time in a matter of mere minutes! Burns anything burnable! So compact, your MALLEYS Picnic Kettle slips easily into haversack, picnic basket or car boot.



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diluting... it can be *kept* on hand because it stays fresh... Sunshine saves money. The 3-lb. tin makes 16 pints of full-cream milk, and there's no waste—you prepare only the quantity required. For highest quality milk in its most economical, most digestible and safest form, buy Nestlé's Sunshine Full-Cream Powdered Milk.



Sunshine recipe for 5-Minute Tea Cake

Melt 2 level tbsps. butter in a cup. Break in 1 egg. Fill the cup with cold water and beat lightly with fork. Have ready in basin 1 1/2 cups sifted s.r. flour, 1 dessertsp. Sunshine Powdered Milk, pinch salt and 1/2 cup sugar. Make a well in centre and empty liquid from cup into it. Beat nearly 2 minutes. Bake in 2 greased 7" sandwich tins at 400 (elec.) 350 (gas) 20 minutes.



Sunshine

the powdered milk you know is full cream N213-58

GIVE A TV BIRTHDAY PARTY

● Every birthday boy and girl will delight in a television party if there is plenty of gala food and a cake to cut like that below. It is shaped like a real TV set, and even carries a birthday greeting from Mickey Mouse.



ALAN, the TV birthday boy, gets into the party spirit by sending his own invitations to young friends. Most youngsters take pleasure in attending to the guest list and in doing some of the chores that go towards a good party.

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our food and cookery expert

If you want to give a popular treat for children to celebrate a birthday, you can't do better than a television party.

It helps if you have a television set in the house for the party to tune into for a while, but it's the food and the company that count most.

These novel party treats are sure-fire winners. Spoon measurements are level and quantities are sufficient for a party of 12 children.

NOVELTY TV CAKE

Cake: Half pound butter or margarine, 1 lb. sugar, 3 eggs, 1-3rd cup milk, 1-3rd cup orange juice, 1 cup sultanas, 1 cup chopped raisins, 3 cups plain flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 4 teaspoons baking powder.

Beat butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time and beat well after each addition. Mix in as much of the milk and orange as the mixture will take without beginning to curdle. Fold in half sifted flour, baking powder, and salt, then the mixed fruits, remaining liquid, and remaining flour. Pour into lined and greased 8in.-square cake-tin and bake in a moderately slow oven 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 hours.

Fondant: One and a half pounds of icing-sugar, 2 egg-whites, 3 tablespoons glucose, orange or almond essence, extra icing-sugar, little cornflour.

Sift icing-sugar into bowl, make a well in the centre and add egg-whites (reserving a little to brush over cake). Mix in essence and pour in heated glucose. Mix to a soft dough, turn on to board, and work in sufficient extra icing-sugar to make a pliable dough. Cut off about one quarter and reserve. Roll remainder out to size to fit top and sides of cake. Brush egg-white over cake, fill any crevices with edge pieces of fondant, and lift fondant carefully on to cake. Smooth over with hands which have been dusted with cornflour.

To decorate cake: Turn cake on to one side, roll out remaining fondant and press on to underside (brushed with egg), which now becomes back of the miniature TV set. Cut a small piece of thick transparent paper to the shape of screen. With a small quantity of royal icing, pipe, beading around edge, the dials, latticed frontpiece, and attach birthday greetings as illustrated. A small bouquet of piped or fresh flowers makes the floral decoration on top.

CHOCOLATE DOMINOES

Four ounces butter or margarine, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 8oz. flour, 1/4 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon cocoa, 4oz. warm chocolate icing, small quantity white royal icing.

Cream together the butter and sugar, beat in egg and vanilla. Fold in sifted dry ingredients to form a stiff dough (if mixture is too stiff add a little milk). Roll out on lightly floured board and cut into rectangles 2in. x 1in. Place on greased trays and bake in moderate oven 15 minutes. Loosen on tray, cool and coat carefully with chocolate icing. When set, pipe small dots on surface with white royal icing to represent domino markings.

FAIRY FLUFF

Two cups crushed strawberries, 1 tin chilled evaporated milk, 3 bottles soda water or lemonade, 1 pint vanilla ice-cream.

Mix strawberries and well-beaten evaporated milk together, half fill tall glasses. Add a scoop of ice-cream and fill with soda water or lemonade. Serve immediately.



MARKET BASKETS

Two dozen small patty-cakes, 1 cup chopped fruits such as cherries, strawberries, etc., whipped sweetened cream, angelica strips.

When cakes are cooked and cooled, cut off tops and scoop out a little of the centres. Fill with whipped cream and press pieces of fruit all over top. Make and attach a handle of angelica.

If liked top of cakes can be replaced to resemble a lid.

YO-YO BISCUITS

Six ounces butter or margarine, 3oz. icing-sugar, 6oz. plain flour, 2oz. custard powder.

Cream together butter and icing-sugar, sift in flour and custard powder and work to a smooth dough. Form into 1in. balls between palms of hands and press on to greased trays. Mark with prongs of fork. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes, loosen on trays, and when cool sandwich together with a soft filling of any flavor desired.

WHAT A PARTY—food, favors, drinks, and all! Pride of place always goes to the birthday cake—at this party a wonderful home-made television set. Recipe is at left.

PEANUT PUMPKINS

Two junket tablets, 2 dessertspoons cold water, 2 cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons vanilla, 2 cups cream or evaporated milk, 1 cup peanut-butter, 1 packet semi-sweet chocolate pieces, 1/4 cup blanched almonds, 1/4 cup glace cherries.

Crush junket tablet in water. Combine sugar and milk, heat to lukewarm. Stir in vanilla and dissolved junket tablets. Pour into refrigerator trays, allow to set, then freeze for 1/2 hour. Turn into chilled bowl, beat until creamy, then fold in whipped cream or evaporated milk and peanut-butter. Return to refrigerator trays and freeze until firm. Using an ice-cream scoop or two spoons, serve in a ball on each plate, and decorate quickly with a "funny face" of almond ears, chocolate eyes, almond nose, and cherry mouth.



At a distance,
any uniform
seems white...

And even nearer,
most uniforms
look white...

But close up, only a
Surf-washed uniform
is white — truly white

SURF whites can stand that close-up look!



Any uniform can look white in the distance — but only true whiteness — whiteness with nothing to hide — can stand a close-up look! That's the whiteness that Surf — and only Surf — can give your wash.

With Surf you actually see the dirt fall out of the clothes. Streaming out! Darkening the water! And with Surf, the dirt is held clear of clothes — it can't re-enter the fabric. There's no scum to dull the brightness of your wash, and only one rinse is needed. Surf is as modern as a Paris Hat! No other washday product can wash your clothes so clean, so sparkling bright. That's why only Surf whites can stand that close-up look!



Make this test with Surf — you
actually see the dirt fall out.

SURF GIVES YOU THE WORLD'S CLEANEST, WHITEST WASH!



TALL AND ELEGANT is this chocolate rum cake decorated with walnuts which wins the £5 prize in this week's recipe contest. Almonds, glace cherries, or chopped preserved ginger could be used instead of walnuts. See recipe below.

Chocolate cake wins prize

● Chocolate layer cake, fine in texture and filled with a rich concoction of apricot jam, walnuts, and rum, wins the main prize of £5 in this week's contest.

THIS prize winning layer cake can easily be varied, if preferred, by making double the given quantity of chocolate icing and using it as a filling between layers instead of jam, walnuts, and rum.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to crusty eggs, an appetising luncheon dish.

All spoon measurements are level.

RUM CHOCOLATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or margarine, 4oz. brown sugar, 2 eggs, 3oz. cooking chocolate, 1 tablespoon rum, 8oz. flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda (or use self-raising flour), pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

Cream butter or margarine with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Melt chocolate in basin over hot water, stir into creamed mixture, add rum. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Fill mixture into 2 greased 7-inch sandwich-tins. Bake in a moderate oven 30 min. Cool.

Nutty Rum Filling: Combine 4 tablespoons apricot jam with 2 tablespoons chopped walnuts and 1 teaspoon rum. Spread between layers of cake.

Chocolate Cream Icing: Melt 2oz. cooking chocolate, stir in 2 tablespoons condensed milk. Spread over top of cake, decorate with walnuts.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. R. Stockley, 36 Ormond Ave., Ballara Park, S.A.

CRUSTED EGGS

One onion, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 6 hard-boiled eggs, ½ cup sauce, chutney, or relish, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, salt and pepper to taste, mayonnaise, ½ cup seasoned mashed potatoes, ½ cup crushed corn cereal, extra tablespoon butter.

Chop onion, fry in heated butter or margarine until tender. Cut eggs in halves, remove yolks, and mash. Add fried onion, relish, mustard, salt and pepper to taste to egg yolks. Stir in sufficient mayonnaise to moisten. Fill into cavities in egg-whites and place the two halves together to make a whole egg. Mould the mashed potato around each egg. Mix corn cereal with the extra melted butter. Roll potato-coated eggs in crumb mixture and place on a greased ovenware dish. Bake in hot oven until thoroughly heated.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Ferris, "Heredon Hills," Calliope, Qld.

FAMILY DISH

BEEF stew, a hearty standby dish for any family, takes on a new look and flavor when it is topped with a savory rice mixture. It costs 7/9 and serves four or five.

BEEF STEW WITH SAVORY RICE

One and a quarter pounds stewing steak, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 2 tomatoes, 2 cups stock or water, 2 onions, 2 carrots, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 cup rice, 1 egg, ½ cup grated tasty cheese, pinch mustard, paprika.

Trim steak, cut into 1in. cubes; coat well with seasoned flour. Brown on all sides in hot fat. Add balance of flour, brown lightly, then stir in stock or water. Add chopped tomatoes, chopped onions, sliced carrots, Worcestershire sauce, and brown sugar. Cover and simmer 1½ hours until meat is tender or pressure-cook 17 to 20 minutes. Cook rice in boiling salted water 20 minutes. Drain thoroughly, return to saucepan, stir in beaten egg, grated cheese, and mustard. Place stew in large dish, cover with rice mixture, then place under grill until top rice begins to brown. Sprinkle with paprika before serving.

Spring-Summer Pattern Book

*This special pattern section is sponsored by NECCHI (sewing machines),
BEUTRON (buttons), and DACOLYN (fabrics).*

HERE, photographed in color, is The Australian Women's Weekly gift pattern — a fit-perfect one-piece dress made in Dacolyn and buttoned with six Beutron Tec-pearl buttons.

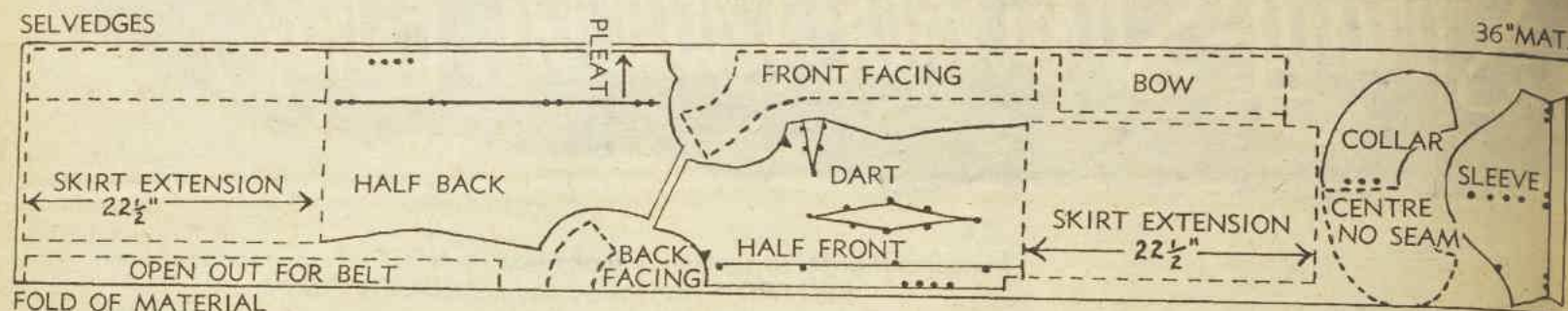
The dress is ideal for the career girl, the young married, the busy girl, or any other girl who aspires to being smart and well groomed, even in the most humid weather conditions.

The material choice, Dacolyn, has a dura-fresh finish, a process which impregnates the fabric with deodorising qualities. The process is non-irritating to the skin and is proof against the hottest weather. Dacolyn is available in a high-fashion color range in pastel and vivid shades.

The pattern is in size 34in. bust. The instructions overleaf for drafting and making include how to adjust the pattern to 32 and 36in. bust.



OUR FREE DRESS PATTERN



This special pattern section is sponsored by NECCHI (sewing-machines), BEUTRON (buttons), and DACOLYN (fabrics).

Materials required

FOR size 34in. bust, 29in. waist, 38in. hips: 3 1/4 yards 36in.-width Dacolyn and 6 Beutron Tecpearl buttons, size 36.

Note: 1/4in. seams are allowed on all edges, 2in. on hem.

Perforations on the enclosed pattern indicate:
0000—Straight grain of material.
000—Place this edge to fold.
00—Fold back along this line.
0—Darts, centre-front, etc.

To complete pattern

Back: Add a piece of paper at least 23in. long to lower edge. Continue down the back and side seam lines parallel to each other for 22 1/2in. below the pattern edge. Connect the lines at lower edge.

Pattern should now appear as in diagram. Cut out.

Front: Add paper and adjust as stated for the back, continuing stepped-in front seam and side seams, parallel to each other.

Back facing: Trace around neck and shoulder edges and along line of double perforations of back. Make facing 3in. wide all round.

Front Facing: Trace around shoulder, neck, front, and step edges of front, continuing across step line. Make facing 3in. wide at shoulders and 3 1/2in. at lower edge, connecting two points with a curved line as shown with dotted line in diagram.

The bow

Cut pattern for bow 4in. x 15in.

The belt

Cut pattern for belt 3in. x 37in.

Testing pattern

For size 32in. bust, subtract 1/4in. from side seams and fold out 1/4in. excess length in bodice. Check new seam lengths, etc.

For size 36in. bust, add 1/4in. to side seams, slit pattern through, and add 1/4in. to length in bodice. Add 1/4in. to sides and top of sleeve. Check new seam lengths, etc.

Pin pattern together and try on. Add or fold out where necessary. Check all measurements before cutting.

Cutting

Fold material in halves with selvages together. Cut back, front, front facing, collar and sleeve once each from double material, reversing collar pattern at "000" as shown in diagram.

Place back facing to fold and cut out once.

Open out remaining material from fold and cut belt.

Cut bow once from single material.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING



1.—Stitch out darts in fronts as marked by single perforations. Join fronts at centre seam from 1/4in. above step to lower edge.



2.—Join backs at centre seam. Stitch pleat along line of double perforations 5in. down from neck edge. Leave pleat open 20in., then continue stitching down for 14in. (to within 10in. of lower edge). Fold out inverted pleat, bringing double perforations over to meet at centre seam. Press pleat.



3.—Join fronts and back at shoulder and side seams, easing in back shoulder.



4.—Place two collars together and stitch around outer edges. Trim turnings, turn to right side. Place collar around neck edge, matching nicks.



5.—Join front and back facings at shoulder seams. Fold 1/4in. to wrong side around outer edge, and machine-stitch.



6.—Place facings over garment and stitch through all thicknesses, around neck, front and step edges to centre-front seam. Trim and nick turnings, turn facings to inside and catch into place; also catch together at lower edge.



7.—Stitch out sleeve seams. Pin sleeves underarm and side seams of bodice together, pin top of sleeve to shoulder seam. Ease and stitch sleeve into armhole, keeping easing well to top, and taking care to ease evenly and not to form any gathers. Fold lower edge of sleeve to inside along line of double perforations, and hem into place.



8.—Work 6 buttonholes along centre-front (row of single perforations), 4 above waist, and 2 below. Place right-front over left, centres together, and sew buttons to left-front. Level lower skirt edge, and hem.



9.—Fold bow in half and stitch out seam. Turn to right side. Fold bow evenly from centre, loop a piece of material around centre and catch back. Sew bow into place at lower edge of back-bodice pleat.



10.—To make belt, cut a point at one end of washable belt backing. Press raw edges of point to wrong side. Cut a point at one end of belt strip. Press seam allowance to wrong side around all edges. Place both together, right sides facing out, and stitch around outer edges. Slip buckle over straight end and hem into place.



ONE-PIECE DRESS, for which the pattern is given, interpreted in Dacolyn and trimmed with Beutron Tecpearl buttons.

Trousseau Set

● Glamorous three-piece lingerie set makes fashion news with a high-rising Empire-line silhouette.

F5103. — Three-piece lingerie set (below) has a pretty lace-and-ruffle trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material, ½yd. 36in. lace, 10yds. 2in. lace, and 7½yds. ½in. lace edging. Price 3/9.



Fashion PATTERNS

This special pattern section is sponsored by NECCHI (sewing-machines), BEUTRON (buttons), and DACOLYN (fabrics).

F5102. — Small boy's shirt and trousers (right). Sizes 2, 4, and 6 years. Requires ½ to 1yd. 36in. material for shirt and ½yd. 36in. material for trousers. Price 2/6.



F3376. — Tailored one-piece in junior sizes (right) has a contrast bind as a trim. Sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material and 4½yds. binding. Price 2/6.



F5101. — Smartly tailored one-piece dress (above) designed for the 12 to 15 years age-group. The dress is made in Durafresh-finished Dacolyn and fastened with Beutron Teepari Buttons. Sizes 12, 14, 16, and 18 years. Requires 3¾ to 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F5104. — Youthful one-piece (right) has a Beutron Teepari button trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



F9406. — Romper suit (above) is made in Dacolyn. Sizes 1 and 2 years. Requires ½yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

F5084. — Prettily styled one-piece dress (below). Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



F5103. — Four-piece layette (below). Size infant's. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material for dress, 1 1-3rd yds. 36in. material for coat, ½yd. 36in. material for petticoat, and ½yd. 36in. material for pilchers. Price 3/9.



F5056. — Slender one-piece (right) is made in Dacolyn and front-buttoned with Beutron Teepari buttons. The dress can be made with short or three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material for short sleeves and 2½yds. 36in. material for long sleeves. Price 3/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● The embroidery stitches on the two dresses (left) and the apron (below) can be done easily with a Necchi sewing-machine.

No. 829. — ONE-PIECE DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in the new Dura-fresh-finished Dacolyn. The color choice includes white, blossom-pink, lilac, and forget-me-not-blue. The embroidery design is not traced on the garment, but the stitch is easily worked on a Necchi sewing-machine. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 55/6, 36 and 38in. bust 57/3. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

No. 830. — ONE-PIECE DRESS
The dress is obtainable in the same material and color choice listed above for No. 829. The embroidery design is not traced on the garment, but the stitch is easily worked on a Necchi sewing-machine. Sizes 30 and 32in. bust 78/6, 34 and 36in. bust 79/5. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

HOW TO ORDER

● Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

No. 831. — BUTTERFLY DUCHESSE SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size centre mat 11in. by 17in. and small mats 6in. by 8in. Price 7/11. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 832. — WAIST APRON
Pretty waist apron is available cut out ready to make in cotton headcloth. The color choice includes blue, lemon, pink, and green. The embroidered design is not traced on the garment, but the stitch is easily worked on a Necchi sewing-machine. Price 18/3. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.



Summer coat-dress

● American-style coat-dress (below) can be worn for day or night with a switch of accessories. The dress is buttoned from neck to hemline with Beutron Tecpearl buttons.

F5051. — Front-buttoned coat-dress (right) styled on simple classic lines. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



Fashion PATTERNS

F4921. — Prettily styled late-day dress (left) has a bow-tie trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F5045. — Slender-line one-piece (right) styled with a smart citified look. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.

F5046. — Slender-line classic (far right) made in Dacolyn. The skirt is fastened with six Beutron Tecpearl buttons. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.



F4921



F5045

F5047



F5048



F5049

F5047. — Pretty one-piece dress (right) has a moulded bodice-top finished at the neckline with contrast and three Beutron Tecpearl buttons. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F5052. — Cowl-necked jumper suit (left) designed with an easy-line silhouette. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



F5052

HOW TO ORDER

● Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

F5050. — Neatly tailored one-piece dress (right) is made in Dacolyn. The bodice-top is trimmed with four Beutron Tecpearl buttons, the skirt has all-round pleats. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/9.



F5050



F4633

F5048. — Attractively styled one-piece dress (above) is made in Dacolyn with a softly bloused bodice and wide skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F5049. — Belted one-piece (above) made in Dacolyn and trimmed with check gingham. The bodice is fastened with two Beutron Tecpearl buttons. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5 yds. 36in. material and 1½ yds. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F4633. — Beltless one-piece (left) styled with a becoming Empire bodice and flared skirtline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-.

This special pattern section is sponsored by NECCHI (sewing-machines), BEUTRON (buttons), and DACOLYN (fabrics).

also, they saw when at last he looked up, frustrated. "Horridly suggestive, but what does any of it prove?" he said savagely. "There's this, sir." With some of the placid pride of a retriever Sam May produced the remnants of the plastic handbag which Richard had first discovered, and, holding it with a pair of metal tongs, laid it before his boss. Luke shook his head regretfully.

"Good multiple store stuff, son," he said. "Made and sold by the million. Besides, all this is old. It's been sorted and scattered. The chap has had time. What we need now..." He broke off abruptly.

Chief Inspector Henry Donne, of Tailor Street, the division which includes the West End of London and is one of the most important, came quietly into the room. Mr. Campion, regarding him with interest through his spectacles, saw with a start what Luke had meant. Donne was one of those loose-boned fair men who in youth look older than their years and in middle age look younger. His face was concave, with a strong chin and a lumpy forehead, but his eyes were smiling and slightly shy between very thick light lashes. He had a record of remarkable successes achieved through sheer application, and was reputed to be without nerves of any kind.

He looked at the Superintendent, who, as far as this particular investigation was concerned, was his immediate superior, and smiled faintly.

"Nice little place you've got



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QUICKSET WITH CURLPET

CN9

Stop Wrinkles

Wrinkles are riverbeds of dried cells because the Plasma Colloids or water carriers of the skin have been dried out through harsh weather. You can bring life again to your skin by protecting it against sun, wind, and the drying effect of powder. Before you make-up, smooth over the face, neck, and hands with oil of ulan. This will nourish the skin at depth and give it new life and a delightful dewy bloom.

Margaret Merrill.

STOP CORNS

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Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 53

here, but unaided," he murmured, but slyly, as if the habit of joke-making was an affection with him which he hoped would be forgiven. "I hear two witnesses have already identified the bus."

"Two?" Luke was pleased. "I can uncross my fingers. I'll get you to take a look at what we've got, Henry, and then, if you agree, we'll get Pong Wallis down from the lads with a full turn-out and let them take the place to pieces. Meanwhile, we can concentrate on the man who rents it. I've got a chap waiting for him at his home address now, and I see no reason why he shouldn't bring him quietly in. The bloke has no idea that we're on to him."

Donne glanced round the shed again. "What connects the man who owns this outfit with the bus?" he inquired.

"The two figures. They were found here. Oh, I was forgetting, Henry. You don't know Mr. Campion, do you?"

He performed the introduction and the two men shook hands. Campion was faintly dismayed to notice that he was being appraised in the light of a legend and an example encountered in the flesh for the first time.

"What happens if the chemists find nothing conclusive here, Charles?" he demanded in a somewhat hasty attempt to give his new acquaintance something other to think about.

"Then we'll have to do some more homework." Luke was returning to form in a splendid way. The old energy and fierce good humor were pouring back into him.

"We've got a very interesting statement from the youngster who spent most of today with the man we're interested in. This boy is under the impression that he was being used as an alibi for a period somewhere between five-twenty-five and six this evening. If he's right, the man was up to something about that time in your manor, Henry."

"Mine?"

"Probably. He was based on the Tenniel Hotel and appeared to expect to get there and back in something over fifteen minutes. Can you let us have a full list of likely incidents before the night's out?"

Chief Inspector Donne opened his mouth and closed it again.

"About that time there was a fine drop of homicide going on some four minutes' walk from the Tenniel," he said at last. "On the face of it, it doesn't seem very likely that it can connect, but you never know. A van deliveryman walked into a basement office in Minton Terrace, shot dead the old solicitor who opened the door to him, lifted his wallet, and walked back up a flight of stairs to the entrance again."

"The commissioner heard the shot, but assumed it was the noise made by the box the van man carried falling on to the marble floor. The bloke dropped this box in the front hall as he came in and it went through the old boy's mind then that the noise was unusual and like a shot. My chaps are down there experimenting now. What could one put in a wooden wine case so that the row when it hits a marble floor sounds like a gun?"

The idle question died away in the silent outhouse, and his audience, who were looking at him as if he were something out of science fiction, turned as one man and their glances bent towards the washstand top embedded in the sand and the wooden boxes and the bricks beside it.

Inspector Kinder of the Canal Road Station was almost as energetic as he was ob-

stinate. He made up his mind that it would be safer not to hold Richard, and, having extracted from Luke the permission to release him, he rushed the matter through, with the result that the young man was set down at his Chelsea lodgings by an auxiliary police car not equipped with wireless a good fifteen minutes before word came up from the shed that he was needed again. Unfortunately for Kinder, by the time a detective from the Chelsea Division got round to the address young Mr. Waterfield had left the house once more.

It happened very simply. When Richard stepped out of the car it waited at the kerb until he had let himself in with his latchkey and shut the door. He waited on the mat inside until he heard the vehicle move on, and then went down the hall to the alcove where the telephone was kept.

THE lights were dim down the narrow way, and there was no sign of life in the landlady's quarters in the basement, which prepared him for the fact that the instrument proved to be dead. There was a notice on the wall above it, written in the firm feminine hand, explaining the position:

"This telephone, which is for the use of Residents Only, will be disconnected at ten-thirty every evening. The Service will be resumed at 7.30 a.m. Residents are requested to note that incoming messages cannot be accepted by the caretaker."

Experience had taught Richard that there was no relaxation from this rule and so, after waiting a discreet five minutes to let the police get well on their way, he went quietly out into the street again and walked across the road to the telephone kiosk on the corner. There was no answer from the number he called, but he was not particularly surprised. Annabelle had said specifically that she and her hostess were to eat out after the movie. His aim was to catch her immediately she came in and before she went to bed.

So he strolled on towards the city centre, calling the number from each group of telephone-boxes as he met with them.

A coffee stall-keeper obliged him with a pocketful of coppers in anticipation of success, and he spent the whole of the next hour, while the police of

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

two divisions were looking for him, telephoning from kiosk to kiosk and getting his money back every time on the no-reply signal.

It was a long stroll through the deserted late night streets, but he was deeply preoccupied and did not notice it. He was aware he had no hope of persuading Annabelle to do anything she didn't want to do over the telephone, but he fancied that if he could get her to meet him out on the Green again early in the morning he could put up a very convincing argument and get to his office in reasonable time as well.

It had not been easy to keep all mention of Garden Green out of his statement to the police. They had asked him more than once how he had come to choose Mr. Vick's barber's shop when it was so far from either his lodgings or his work, and he had known at the time that his replies were unconvincing. All the same, he had stuck grimly by his story

and was rewarded by the knowledge that so far, at any rate, Annabelle had not been dragged into anything "unpleasant."

Richard used the word to himself with a nuance worthy of his own great-grandfather. Masculine chivalry, protecting and romantic, out of fashion for forty violent years, was returning in his generation. He was still not connecting Gerry with any crime more serious than theft, for the police had been very reticent, but this to his mind was quite unattractive enough and he felt very strongly that Annabelle should be taken right away from it all and be safely down in the country before this friend of her relative's reaped the trouble which was coming to him.

As the moon sank the clouds thickened and there was a promise of rain in the air by the time he reached the corner of the park. By now he was used to hearing the telephone bell ringing out in the gay little house which he recollected so vividly from his glimpse of it in the morning.

The sound of it was a distinctive hollow trill and he could see in imagination dim, quiet rooms and silent furniture waiting for the newly radiant Annabelle as she came up the path. He saw her standing aside for a blurred but vaguely unattractive old lady to fit her key in the lock, and then hurrying forward as the telephone summons greeted her.

The only fault with this picture was that it did not materialise. When he reached Park Lane and turned into the first telephone kiosk the signal he received after dialling the familiar number was not the unanswered ringing tone but the continuous whine which indicates that the line is out of order. This was so unexpected that he dialled it again and finally got hold of the operator.

The impersonal voice was courteous but firm. It did not care how often he had rung or how recently, it explained with patient coldness; the number was now unobtainable, not because the line was engaged nor yet because someone had wedged the receiver to prevent the bell ringing, but because some definite fault had developed since he last called and the address could no longer be reached by telephone.

The news was irrevocable and worrying. Richard came out of the box frowning. Before him the wide road ran on beside the Park towards Marble Arch, Edgware Road, Edge Street, and finally the Barrow Road. He scarcely hesitated, but set off grimly down the pavement.

About the same time, on the other side of central London, Madame Dominique and her son Peter were saying good-night to Polly on the steps of their private entrance to The Grotto, a few yards down the small alley which bounded the back of the building. Annabelle had already reached the main street and was waiting on the corner with Florian, who was still in attendance. They were both delighted with themselves and their laughter was softly audible to the little group in the doorway.

Sybylle Dominique was holding Polly's sleeve. She looked minute standing between her tall son and the other more motherly figure.

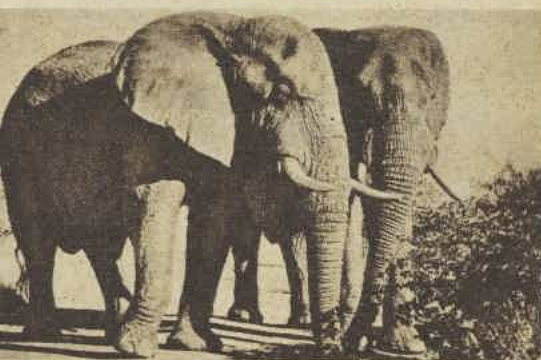
"Don't worry more than you can help. Take something rather than lie awake," she was murmuring urgently, her featherweight strength concentrated in an effort to comfort

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Page 63

To page 71

a TINT to tone with every frock
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18 GLAMOROUS SHADES — THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE RANGE IN AUSTRALIA
 Page 64 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1954

Bardot among the diplomats

★ In her new French film, "La Parisienne," Brigitte Bardot, cast as the daughter of the Prime Minister of an unnamed European country, marries a rising young member of the Diplomatic Corps, and runs away with a visiting prince.

But just to show that Brigitte hasn't taken this social success too seriously, the film manages one of the now traditional B.B.-and-a-bath towel scenes.



SURPRISINGLY ladylike, Brigitte in the scene above accompanies her young diplomat husband (Henri Vidal, centre) to the airport to welcome a visiting prince.

STILL a suave charmer at 58, Charles Boyer (at left) plays Prince Charles, distinguished member of a royal house, at whom the deadly Bardot sets her sights.



SIPPING champagne, Brigitte considers the usefulness of the visiting prince as a means of discouraging Vidal's taste for extramarital dalliance.

BRIGITTE and her guitarist fiance, Sachel Distel (above), at the fashionable French Riviera resort of St. Tropez, where Brigitte has a luxurious summer villa.

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Reg. Trade Mark

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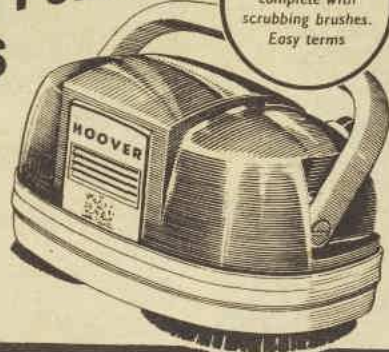


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FINE APPLIANCES —
AROUND THE HOUSE,
AROUND THE WORLD

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TELEVISION PARADE

● Breakfast TV is the big news in Australian television this week. Its champion is Sydney's Channel 7, which from 7 to 9 each morning presents a programme of music, news, and Australia's first TV serial.

BREAKFAST - TIME TV had to come. I am quite happy to accept it as something that is there if I want it. When that will be I don't know.

Ever had a party and faced the clean-up the next morning feeling rather jaded? Most of ATN's breakfast-time programme so far is literally a hand-out of that morning-after-the-night-before feeling.

More than half of the two-hour session is a tape recording of previous performances of "Sydney Tonight."

It is too much for me to pull the blinds down, shutting out the early morning sunshine, and in the required gloom turn on the set and find Mr. Keith Walshe and others singing and dancing.

I may be peculiar, but ladies in full warpaint and baretopped evening dresses at 7.30 a.m. wiggling their way through seductive songs are not my favorite breakfast entertainment.

My idea of a TV breakfast session goes with an electronic home where there's a TV screen set in the wall of every room.

All you see in the morning is a clock face with the hands moving on in their inexorable way, and a background of music guaranteed to soothe those pre-coffee nerves.

I also want an emotionless voice to say, "Today's maximum temperature will be so and so, and there will be a thunderstorm at 5 p.m.," so that I know exactly what to wear, and whether to take my umbrella.

For the mothers I'd have another ghost voice that says, "Sit still," "Eat your porridge," "Brush your teeth," "Clean your shoes," and other suitable remarks.

To get back to TV as it is in the Breakfast Session, a pat on the back for the Toppanos, who appear with their own live show at 8.30 a.m. and provide some pleasant music and painless chatter.

The puppet puppy that looks after the music and made its first shy appearance is sure to be popular with toddlers, too.

At 8.45 the session ends with a 15-minute episode of the first Australian-made TV serial, "Autumn Affair."

"Autumn Affair" stars



ABOVE: Muriel Steinbeck and John Huson in "Autumn Affair," the first all-Australian TV serial, big feature of Sydney's Channel 7 TV Breakfast Session. Right: Janette Craig, who plays Muriel Steinbeck's daughter.



actress Muriel Steinbeck, a TV personality. She is photogenic and looks like a real woman.

She makes the heroine, an effortless writer of popular novels, come charmingly to

By
NAN MUSCROVE

life, even in the face of the intoned, dreary description that she is "43, in the early autumn of life."

In the first episode of the serial Miss Steinbeck, 15 years a widow, welcomed back her steady admirer (John Huson) from a trip abroad. Viewers were also treated to a glimpse of her TV daughter, Miss Janette Craig.

I get the impression from the first episode that Miss Steinbeck is nervously on edge, and from the look in her steady's eye I think that before long she is going to accuse him, with some justification, of being more interested in her daughter than in her.

All good stuff. I think "Autumn Affair," which is well produced, will be very popular, if anyone has time to see it at 8.45 a.m.

Australia's other TV channels, from what I am told most emphatically, are sitting

out the Breakfast Session happy to discover second-hand the results of Channel 7's experiment.

★ ★ ★
THE Shirley Temple Storybook (Sydney Channel 7, Melbourne Channel 9 Sunday evenings once a month) has been a disappointment to me. I didn't like the first one, "The Nightingale," and I liked the last one, "Dick Whittington and his Cat," even less.

I think they are wonderful Christmas pantomime stuff and the kids up to eight or nine might love them, but a Sunday night family entertainment they are a bit much.

I'm sure Beaver, who appears from the 7.30 time slot once a month for the Storybook, would find it a bit too corny for his taste, too young altogether. Personally I much prefer Beaver's entertainment to Shirley's.

The name is a misnomer for Shirley Temple appears only briefly as an unwilling hostess to introduce the show. Grown up, she is very pretty and would enhance any of her fairytales.

Shirley's three children are making their show-business debut in her Christmas edition of the Storybook in America.

The children, Susan, 10, Shirley's daughter by her former husband, John Agar, Charles Black, jun., 6, and Lori Black, 3, are village boys in a Christmas show about "Mother Goose" characters.

★ ★ ★
EVERYONE must be a bit tired of the puns on the title of the popular TV show "Have Gun, Will Travel" (Channel 9, Tuesdays, 9.30 p.m.), but I saw one the other day specially for us girls. It was "Have Cook-book, Will Marry." Actually it was the title of a printed cookery book. A ready-made proposal to have to your beau?



TV FOR TINIES AMBROSE KANGAROO



Ambrose Kangaroo, Elizabeth Macintyre's character, has been a favorite for years. Ambrose is now on TV on Channel 2 every Monday at 5 p.m. This is a preview of next Monday's episode.

1.—The animals who lived in an old ghost town called Hidden Valley would not believe that Ambrose (in spotted trousers) could throw a boomerang so that it would come back. They all paid sixpence to watch him do it.



2.—Sure enough, after Ambrose threw it, whee-oo! back it came. Ambrose, with a pocketful of sixpences, stood there proudly and caught the boomerang. All the animals were very excited and told Ambrose how clever a kangaroo he was.



3.—They paid sixpence again and again so that he would keep on doing it. Ambrose enjoyed himself. Suddenly Ambrose's little sister Josephine came out from among the bushes. "Wah," she sobbed, "that time the boomerang hit me right on the nose!" Josephine was angry and carrying the boomerang in her arms.



4.—Everyone found out then that the boomerang had come back only because Josephine, hiding in bushes, had picked it up and thrown it back. Ambrose thought the safest thing to do would be to run away and hide from the others.

FOR MOTHERS

Paste this page on cardboard. When it's dry, your children can cut it into TV frames and color it in. (Wonderful for a miserable wet day.)

a little Trix

does
a lot
of work



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FILM PREVIEW



ALAN LADD as convict Peter Van Hoek.



ERNEST BORG-
NINE as fellow
convict John Mc-
Bain, who plans to
rob a mine.



CLAIRE KELLY as
Ada, whom Dutch-
man Van Hoek frees
from a scheming
mine-owner.



KNOCKED out in a prison
brawl, chained convict
Borgnine is saved from
drowning by his attacker,
Ladd.



GALLANT Borgnine rescues Mexican girl
Anita (Katy Jurado) from three villains.
Later they fall in love. Anita organises
horses needed to carry out the robbery.

THE BADLANDERS

• • • vengeance-seeking adventurers leave prison to win gold, but find love as well as the fortune they sought.

THE STORY

FILMED against the vast landscape of early Arizona, "The Badlanders," an M.G.M. release, is a suspense story of robbery, romance, and retribution. In starring roles as the men who come out of prison and plan to rifle a gold-mine are Alan Ladd and Ernest Borgnine. Supplying feminine interest are tempestuous Katy Jurado and gentle Claire Kelly. Made in CinemaScope and Metrocolor, the film is taut with drama as plans and personalities come in conflict.



Alone together, Borgnine tells Anita that the gold-mine has been sunk on land belonging to him—land filched in an illegal deal by unscrupulous mine-owner Lounsberry (Kent Smith). Borgnine plans to avenge this.

During the robbery, Borgnine is wounded but, helped by the Dutchman (Ladd), escapes to Anita's house in the Mexican settlement. The Dutchman then says he is leaving the town. A fiesta bars his escape.



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SMALL BOTTLE, 3' • REGULAR, 5' • BUBBLES, 1'3
BUY THE BIG REGULAR SIZE AND SAVE MONEY



★ A CERTAIN SMILE

Fox romantic drama, with Christine Carere, Rossano Brazzi, Joan Fontaine, Bradford Dillman. In De Luxe color, CinemaScope. Century, Sydney.

THIS is the sort of film that acts as a showcase for all that is most shallow and tinselly in Hollywood film-making.

The relentlessly lush screen treatment given to Francoise Sagan's novel of a young girl's love affair with a married roue succeeds only in underlining its essential artificiality.

None of the main characters, with the exception of pleasant young Dillman as the boy who loses his girl to his uncle, succeeds in being credible.

Making her American film debut as the girl is short-legged French Christine Carere. Her face may be her fortune, but never her figure.

Brazzi, who could do with an extra inch or two himself, exhibits a few well-practised wolfish gambits, but generally seems a little depressed as the erring husband.

Joan Fontaine, strident of voice and brittle in her fading beauty, plays his long-suffering wife.

The handsome Parisian and Riviera backgrounds are no compensation.

In a word . . . **SHALLOW.**

★ IMITATION GENERAL

M.G.M. war comedy, with Glenn Ford, Red Buttons, Taina Elg. St. James, Sydney.

ONCE great studio should hang its head in shame.

As though it were not bad enough to offer the public a film of indifferent workmanship and bereft of real inven-

New Film Releases

tion, it commits the unforgivable.

The maiming and killing of enemy soldiers in action is used to get cheap laughs.

Playing an American sergeant who impersonates his dead general in an effort to rally a disorganised unit in France towards the end of World War II, Ford strives valiantly.

But even his immense capabilities wilt under the burden of snail's-pace action and frequently phony-sounding dialogue.

Red Buttons is the old Army buddy who helps along the deception.

Speaking only French, Taina Elg is the girl whose farmhouse they turn into unofficial headquarters.

In a word . . . **DISGRACE.**

★ TEACHER'S PET

Paramount romantic comedy, with Doris Day, Clark Gable. VistaVision. Prince Edward, Sydney.

CLARK GABLE is as smooth as ever as the tough, educated-from-experience newspaper editor who disapproves of courses in journalism but falls in love with a journalism professor, Doris Day.

Before they meet he writes to her insulting her course, and then, trying to arouse her interest in him, enrolls under an assumed name.

Thinking he is a remarkably promising student, Doris Day tries to help him get a job on his own paper. She then finds out his identity.

With the help of co-star Gig Young, as the intellectual wizard and friend of Miss Day,

Gable at long last gets the girl.

Although there are some delightfully funny moments, most of them supplied by a drunk Gig Young, the film moves slowly for the most part and the audience tends to fidget.—A.M.B.

In a word . . . **PATCHY.**

★ OH, ROSALINDA

Associated British musical, with Michael Redgrave, Ludmilla Tcherina, Mel Ferrer, Anton Walbrook. In Technicolor, CinemaScope. Embassy, Sydney.

A MODERNISED version (occupied post-war Vienna) of Strauss' "Die Fledermaus," this must stand as the British film industry's most curious offering.

It is an amazing hotchpotch of comedy—mannered and unmannered—singing, heavy-handed skittishness, and over-decorated cardboard scenery.

Walbrook, oozing Continental charm, is the practical joker who arranges for a flirtatious husband and wife (Redgrave—playing a French Colonel—and Tcherina) to meet each other at a masked ball.

Having his fling as a comedian, Ferrer plays a U.S. officer who wishes to take up an old romance with the beautiful Tcherina.

Anthony Quayle, heavily bemedalled as the Russian General who gives the masked ball, does rather well.

Some added modern dialogue makes what is now dated use of the military-political situation, and raises a few

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars—below average

laughs. But in general the effect is one of the utmost confusion.

If nothing else, producer-directors Powell and Pressburger have proved that Strauss comes better from over the footlights, and that the dainty conventions of operetta don't transplant kindly to the screen.

In a word . . . **ALAS.**

Movie news

AT the Brussels World's Fair recently judges selected the best 12 films of all time. First prize went to an early Russian film, Eisenstein's "The Battleship Potemkin," Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" was second, Italy's "The Bicycle Thieves" third.

All 12 films were made before 1948, many (such as "Potemkin" and "The Gold Rush") were silents. Other films mentioned in the dozen included France's "La Grande Illusion," Germany's "Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane."

★ ★ ★

FIRST a book, then a film, now a musical, "Gone With the Wind" will soon be staged on Broadway, possibly with Kathryn Grayson in the leading part. Since making her debut years back as a singing secretary in an Andy Hardy film, Kathryn has starred in dozens of costume musicals, and will be just the girl for the role of crinolined Scarlett O'Hara.

Personally . . .

I've changed to
'Savlon'
ANTISEPTIC
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The most effective
household antiseptic



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5/6
A BOTTLE AT
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Continuing

Hide My Eyes

from page 53

her old friend. "That house-keeper of Matt's didn't know a thing. The police hadn't told her, they don't."

Polly looked down at her. Her face was only just visible in the grey light and the skin showed taut over the fine, bold bones.

"They'd have let her know if it had been suicide or accident," she said bluntly.

Sybylle Dominique drew a long, uneven breath.

"Oh, Polly," she said softly, "oh, Polly."

"Good-night."

The two elderly faces met and the soft cheeks touched.

"I don't know anything, Sybylle." Polly's words came painfully.

"You understand, dear, don't you? I'm upset, but it's really only because I'm thinking about poor old Matt."

Don't let me put . . . anything else into your head, will you?"

"Of course not, my girl, of course not." The tiny crackling voice was full of pity.

"Gerry . . ."

"What about Gerry?" Terror flared in Polly's tone, but the whisper was very low.

Sybylle's grip on her sleeve tightened.

"There's some good in that boy or you couldn't love him, dearest," she said. "That's a law of God and Nature, and none of us here will forget it."

I'll give you a ring in the morning, my dear. Now off you go with that staggeringly beautiful child of yours, before my poor little Flo drops on his knees in the gutter. Poor little things. Isn't it frightful what they've got to find out before they come to the end of that story?"

She was talking to ease the tension, and Polly put her arms round her, big handbag and all.

"You're a dear, Sybbie, you always were. Good-night, love. God bless."

ANNABELLE and Polly caught the last number fifteen bus of the evening from the bottom of Regent Street.

Florian escorted them to the stopping place and stood looking after the vanishing red monster bearing them away.

The old woman led the girl up the stairs of the deserted top deck and along to the front seat, but Annabelle paused to wave to him, sending him home ecstatically happy.

The girl was shiny-eyed and delighted with herself. It had been a honey of an evening. Alone, grown up at last, and with someone new and city-bred to impress. She turned to Polly as soon as she sat down, concentrating on her for the first time since the meal, eager to thank her and to confide.

"Aunt Polly," she said seriously, "do you know this has been probably the most wonderful evening of my whole life."

Polly, who had been staring down the curving street picked out in lights, heard the words as if they were far off and utterly meaningless. Her bleak eyes took in the glow on the young face, and closed before its unbearable fatuousness.

"Oh, darling, aren't you well?" There was disappointment in the girl's cry as well as compassion, and Polly was stung to life by it.

"I'm tired, that's all. You had a good evening, did you?" She settled herself on the jolting seat, tucking her heavy black skirts about her, folding her hands over her bag, and raising her elbows so that the girl could slip her hand through the crook in her arm to steady herself. "Flo seems to have turned out well," she ploughed on. "He was pompous as a small boy."

"Was he? That's all gone now. I liked him. He's awfully sensible, but terribly young in years." Annabelle was inclined to sigh over it. "Richard really is more the right age, against mine, I mean."

"Richard." Polly remembered the name with a sigh of relief. "That's the pocket-sized tough with the red hair?"

"Did I say tough?" Annabelle was dubious. "He is, of course, but there's nothing rough about him. He's formal, if anything. You'll approve, I think. But look, Auntie, what's interesting me at the moment is this. Florian says he can get tickets to the Zoo on Sundays, and he knows all the keepers. I could go with him one day, couldn't I? Apparently there's a ginger pig there who's exactly like Robinson Tartat the playwright. Florian says it's rather the thing at the moment to go to see it and give it . . ."

"Annabelle, I want to talk to you." Polly was aware of being brutal. "That is why we've come back by bus. I'm sorry, my dear, but you've got to go home."

There was complete silence for a while, and then the girl said, "Oh. Oh, I see."

It was only too obvious that she did no such thing. Her lovely face wore a mask of blank dismay, and her round eyes were full of tears already. Polly regarded her helplessly.

"I'm sorry," she repeated. "Oh, it's all right . . . Is it because I'm too young, or have I done something?"

"Neither. Circumstances have altered, that's all."

"Oh." There was another long pause and the girl sat up, drawing her hand away and stiffening. "I only enjoyed the good time because it was given to me," she remarked presently. "I didn't need it. I mean I hope you'll let me come and see you, anyhow—sometimes."

"No." Polly winced at the stare of bewilderment and took hold of herself irritably. "No, dear, I don't want you to. That's what I'm trying to tell you. I want you to go home first thing tomorrow morning and to put your whole trip up here right out of your mind."

"I want you to forget that I ever wrote to your mother or that you ever came to see me. I shall give you a note to take to your sister. I don't want her or you to answer it, or ever to try to see me again. I don't suppose you'll want to, but, anyway, I'd rather you didn't. Is that absolutely clear?"

"Not ever?"

"Not ever. Don't make it sound like that, child. Don't be absurd. It's best. In fact, you'll find it's vital."

"But what have I done?"

"Nothing at all. Nothing at all. It's entirely my affair. Nothing to do with you at all. You're out of it. Now forget it until we get home. Did you have a nice dinner?"

"You know I did, you had it with me. Oh, don't treat me like a child. What is it? What's happened? Can't I help you?"

"No. Be quiet."

"But you thought I could, and said so in the letter. That was why you wanted me. Has it changed?"

"Yes."

"Could it change again?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

Polly was silent. She seemed to be considering the question, or facing it perhaps.

Annabelle was watching every variation in her expression.

"Oh, I thought it was going

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to be wonderful," she burst out in a sudden abandonment of childhood's grief. "Can't I come back ever? Are you sure, Aunt Polly? Are you sure?"

The old woman turned her head. Her mind was shuttering.

"Quite sure, dear," she said, and was suddenly calm. "Quite sure. Now let's forget it and enjoy the ride home. London's very lovely at night."

"I shall hate it always after this."

"No, don't say that," Polly was speaking absently, and she patted the hand on the tweed-covered knee.

Annabelle turned on her like an infant. Angry tears flooded her eyes.

"Won't you miss me?" she burst out. "Won't you miss the fun we would have had? Don't I remind you of Uncle Frederick? Don't you want a good daughter to keep you young?"

"Hush," said Polly. "Hush. Look, that's Selfridge's..."

They left the bus on the corner of the Barrow Road and went slowly up to the house. The old woman walked heavily and her shoulders were a little bent, but she was occupied and kept sane by the necessity of managing and comforting the child.

"Now when we get in," she said, "I want you to go up to my sitting-room, light the gas fire, and pull the curtains, and wait for me."

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to my desk for a minute to drop a note to Jennifer. Then I shall heat some milk and bring it up with me, and as we drink it I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to be off very early tomorrow. Could you get up at six?"

"Of course I could, and I expect there's a train, but..."

"No buts. Just do what I say. I'll give you the note for Jenny tonight. Get up as early as you can and come down to the kitchen and I'll give you a cup of tea, and you can be off before the car arrives. Oh, and Annabelle, I don't want you to buy a paper until you get home."

The girl looked at her sharply but she did not ask questions.

"Very well," she said.

The house looked pretty and bright even by the light of the old-fashioned street lamp outside the gate. Polly unlocked the front door and turned on the light.

"Now you run up."

"Let me get the milk."

"You can if you like. You'll find everything in the kitchen. Or are you frightened to go down there alone in the dark?"

"No. It's not that sort of house, is it? It's so gay and feels so full of people, even when no one's here. I do love

Continuing . . .

Hide My Eyes

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it so." Annabelle's young voice was uncertain, but she controlled it with a valiance none the worse for being conscious. "I'll take the milk straight up."

She went off down the two or three steps to the kitchen, and Polly turned into the tiny room on the right of the hall door, which was practically filled by an old-fashioned rolltop desk with a telephone on it. It had been the front parlor in the days when the house had been a Victorian cottage and was now used by Polly as the office to which she had become used when keeping a hotel. She opened the desk, sat down at it, and pulled a sheet of paper towards her.

THE familiar sprawling hand spread over the page. "My dear Jenny, I am sending this to you instead of to A. because you will know how it is best for her to spend it. Training for something, or on Savings Certificates. However, whatever is done, she must have a real say in it, so it is made out to her, as you will see. I enclose a smaller one for you, dear, as a wedding present." See you both cash them at once, and do not mention them to anyone except your bank manager, of course.

"As A. will tell you, and I expect you will see for yourself, this is goodbye. I cannot have either of you mixed up in anything not your business. I am sure you are a nice family, and wish I could have known you all, but there it is. I don't want any thanks for cheques, and no letters or messages of any kind to come to this house. If any newspaper should get on to you at any time—unlikely, but you never know—simply say clearly that you have never seen me in your life, and keep A. well out of the way."

"My love to you both."

"Polly Tassie. "P.S.—Take care of A. She is almost too pretty just now, but it will wear off later, I expect. When I die there may be a little bit more for her, but not much, as I am about to incur some very heavy expenses. God bless you all."

She read the note through, took a cheque-book out of her bag, and made out a draft to Annabelle for a thousand pounds and another to Jennifer for one hundred. She took time to scan them carefully, and check the date with the calendar. Then she folded them into the letter and addressed the envelope to Miss J. Tassie, By Hand.

She had put the envelope into her pocket and was rising to shut up the desk when she heard Annabelle pass the door and go upstairs, and at the same time her glance fell on the small steel box on the wall into which the telephone cable disappeared. It was a chance in a thousand that she should have noticed it because of an occasional chair standing just in front of it, but some faint change in the arrangement of the piece of furniture had caught her attention.

She leant forward to touch the plaited flex with an exploring finger. The lump which she had noticed on one side of the main knot pulled out at once into a loose strand which had been jerked out of its socket in the fusebox. For an instant she looked at it stupidly, and then, turning abruptly, sped out of the room and up the stairs with the agility of a woman half her age. As she reached the landing she heard Annabelle's laugh. It was shy but gay, and innocently flattered.

The color had gone from Mrs. Tassie's lips, but there was no surprise in her expression by the time she had opened the door and come face to face with the man who had been waiting for her in the bright little room.

Gerry was standing on the hearthrug staring at the girl, the expression of horrified incredulity which had made her laugh still showing in his face. He looked grey and excited. But the thing about him which startled the old woman was that he was without jacket or waistcoat, and the sleeves of his city shirt were rolled up.

As his glance turned slowly towards her the sound of the front door buzzer came floating up from the hall, two sharp and determined rings.

Charlie Luke sat on the edge of the desk in a small private office off the main C.I.D. room in the new Tailor Street station, looking more like a black cat than ever as he listened to the telephone. His head was held on one side and his eyes were deeply pleased.

The voice at the other end of the wire belonged to his immediate superior, Chief Superintendent Yeo. It was blunt, as usual, but sounded content for a change and even conciliatory. "A party from the lab. is on its way down to Canal Road

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Page 73

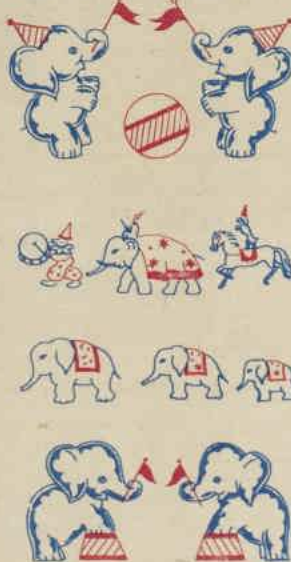
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Continuing

Hide My Eyes

[from page 73]

now, and the preliminary report on the bus is positive, so I expect Mr. Oates to call a conference later in the night," he was saying, referring to the Assistant Commissioner Crimé and conferring an accolade on the investigation at the same time. "For Pete's sake keep in touch. Have you picked up your star witness again yet? Kinder needs his head examined for turning him loose."

"Waterfield? No, not yet. But I don't expect any trouble. We shall see him again any time now. Meanwhile Kinder did a very thorough job on him. His statement is full of good things."

"I know. I've got a copy here. By the way, Charlie."

"Yes?" Luke pricked up his ears. The use of the diminutive was a healthy sign.

"I've been taking a look at your chart of that pet district of yours," Yeo was apologising and was being short about it. "I'm inclined to change my mind. In fact, while I was looking at it I had a hunch myself."

"What was that?" Luke bent over backwards to avoid any unfortunate note of satisfaction.

"Well," the old man's grin was almost audible, "you remember the Kent car dealer?"

LUKE answered: "I do. Joseph Pound, found in a chalkpit, pocket-case picked up by children in Garden Green."

"That's the man. As soon as I read Waterfield's statement something in it rang a bell, and I turned up the widow's deposition." Yeo was proud of his memory, which was indeed remarkable. "Chad-Horder was the name of one of the holiday swells she and her husband were drinking with in Folkestone the night before the crime."

"Get away!" Luke's exclamation of delighted surprise was unquestionably genuine.

"Fact," Yeo was expanding. "Here it is on the desk before me. By sticking to your guns you've come up with something very interesting, my boy. I shall be happier when I hear you've got your man for questioning, but don't let anyone forget that if by chance you're right in including the Church Row case you'll be dealing with a man who has shot his way out once and may do so again. Don't let anybody take risks. We're understaffed as it is."

"Quite," Luke said slowly. "I don't know if that particular guess is going to stick. Mr. Campion had an idea about it, but . . ."

"Ah, Campion." Old Yeo had the grace to sound guilty. "I had a word with him this afternoon. He was coming up to see you. I don't know if he did."

"Oh, yes, he's been with me ever since." Any note of reproach was gratifyingly absent. "He's sloped off now, I don't know where. He muttered something, and next time I looked there he wasn't."

"That's Albert." Yeo was amused. "He'll be back. He doesn't miss much. You'll find he's had an idea and trotted off to test it. Well, good luck to you. I still think you're asking too much if you try to link all those cases of yours. You haven't a ha'porth of solid evidence in one of them yet. Concentrate on the most promising and scrap the rest. Those people Lettice and Reginald Fisher, who may or may not have gone off to South Africa, for instance, I shouldn't waste any more time on them."

"Perhaps you're right, Guv'nor, but I've picked up one little thing that reminded me of them. Do you remember that in that inquiry the niece

said that she had sent her aunt a white plastic handbag?"

"Was it a distinctive sort of bag?"

"No, a chain-store product."

"Then I certainly shouldn't worry about it. You've got more than enough on your plate. I suppose Donne is concentrating on the Minton Tre-race shooting? That's your best bet. Has he struck anything yet?"

"Nothing conclusive, but it's all very healthy. Donne has a girl-friend of Chad-Horder's with him now. She's a woman called Edna Cater, who runs the Midget Club."

"I know. Just round the back there. Well, she was handy to the crime. But all these cases without any real evidence are very tricky. I won't keep you any longer. Mention to Donne that what we most need are details of any further aliases. There's nothing on the files under Chad-Horder and nothing relevant under Hawker, but a chap like that could have half a dozen names, and there's always a chance that he's been shipped under one of them."

He hung up and Luke ducked his blue chin into his neck and grinned to himself as he heard the wire clear. Then, gathering up his folder, he went into the next office, where Chief Inspector Donne, attended by a clerk and a sergeant, was interviewing Edna.

She was seated in the tub chair before the desk, her back straight and her suit and hair-do as crisp and formal as if she were in uniform. Luke shot a single glance at her and decided that he knew the type. It was not a bad one but in his experience seldom as hard as it assumed it was. She was trying hard, he thought. She looked scared but was determined to keep the party sweet.

Donne was putting her through it steadily, leaning towards her across the desk, his watchful eyes never leaving her face.

"About these oil drums which Chad-Horder described as making a wall to hide a racing car," he began abruptly as he heard Luke come in. "Do you remember if he gave you any picture of them? Did he say what color they were?"

"I think he said they were black." She looked bewildered. "I doubt if they ever existed. I don't think that this boy Richard who was with him, and who made this long statement to you, understood Gerry at all. Gerry was romancing. He didn't even expect to be believed."

"I see. He's a liar, is he?"

"I'm not saying that," she said. "He embroiders things to make them more amusing, that's all." She was appealing to him to understand her, the suppliancy in her eyes looking extraordinary amid the make-up. "You must know the sort of man I mean—charming, moneyed, good family . . ."

"Good family? Do you know his family?"

"No, I told you just now I don't know any of his people, although I've known him nearly five years. I don't even know if he has any. He keeps all the private side of his life very quiet. Some people do."

"Why say good family, then?"

"Because it's obvious. He's easy, assured, generous, attractive."

"You find him attractive?"

"Yes, I'm very fond of him."

Donne turned to Luke, who took the vacant chair beside him at the desk. The dark man with his powerful body

To page 77

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 5, 1951

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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD
For week beginning November 3



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, rose.
Gambling colors, rose, black.
Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
Luck in a challenge.

★ Don't waste energy complaining. If business or domestic problems have you running around in circles, the fog will soon clear if you keep your wits. Put no obstacles in the way of practical moves to improve the outlook. Do not tangle with uncooperative relatives. Postpone a journey. There's a storm over trifles if you are young and in love.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, yellow.
Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.
Luck in a partnership.

★ One person in all the world could bring you luck. Through him, or her, you receive a valued invitation, go on a short, adventurous journey, with a surprise at the end, share in a mild gamble, sign an agreement which starts a new chapter for you, or experience the thrill of a romantic attraction. The homemaker entertains an old friend.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

Lucky number this week, 8.
Lucky color for love, black.
Gambling colors, black, white.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs.
Luck in your job.

★ Emphasis is on your competition. It's the small thing that takes up time and distracts from your efficiency; cut corners whenever your time is wasted by interruptions, long conversations, aimless people, push through routine tasks quickly, then turn to the side that interests you most. Here you can find an outlet for creative talents, personality.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, silver.
Gambling colors, silver, gold.
Lucky days, Monday, Wed.
Luck in a romantic episode.

★ You might run into an old flame you haven't seen for years or meet a new, fascinating stranger, but your entire week bears the glow of romance. Be among those present at social events in order to benefit from kindly stars. You spend money on clothes, beauty treatments, have several nights out to dinner in town and other pleasures.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

Lucky number this week, 3.
Lucky color for love, violet.
Gambling colors, violet, orange.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
Luck on the doorstep.

★ You think far-off pastures are greener, but this week your luck is near at hand. Just reach out and grab the possibilities all around you. There may be an attractive neighbor moving in next door, a prospective boyfriend at the bus stop, a new organization for the improvement of your district which seeks your support.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 9.
Lucky color for love, red.
Gambling colors, red, green.
Lucky days, Wednesday, Sun.
Luck in the printed word.

★ Watch announcements, advertisements, file away clippings which deal with matters of interest to you. This will be a part of preliminary planning for an important scheme still in the early stages. Money can be saved by know-how; practical information is a short cut to experience and successful results.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 23-OCTOBER 22

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, green.
Gambling colors, green, gold.
Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
Luck in sound finance.

★ Play safe, be sure you can meet your commitments with a margin to spare, and you escape worry, borrowing, expedients which you hate. Make the most of what you have. Even a small wardrobe can be smart if chosen with care, kept clean and pressed. If a homemaker, you may rearrange the furniture for a pleasant change.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 23-NOVEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 7.
Lucky color for love, pastels.
Gambling colors, tricolors.
Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.
Luck in personal relations.

★ Join activities that make life agreeable. If you can share them to add to your understanding of any subject, you broaden your interests, increase your skills. People of all types contribute to your enjoyment. Old friends, long-time associates may have hidden talents you can bring out. Love affairs calm, serene.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 22

Lucky number this week, 6.
Lucky color for love, navy.
Gambling colors, navy, white.
Lucky days, Monday, Friday.
Luck in will-power.

★ To look smart in your new frocks you resolve to diet, do regular exercise, then let an impulse fade out in a few days. Some, however, persevere, reap the reward of good health, good looks. The man in your life is delighted with your appearance and unusually attentive. If a homemaker, you work hard to enjoy more leisure.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 23-JANUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 4.
Lucky color for love, orange.
Gambling colors, orange, brown.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
Luck in the afternoon.

★ The early bird does not always catch the worm; your luck lies later in the day. It may take the form of an invitation, the advent of a new friend, or the sudden surge of a break, wave which occupies your mind to the exclusion of all else. Your creative imagination, checked by common sense, can carry you to success.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

Lucky number this week, 1.
Lucky color for love, brown.
Gambling colors, brown, green.
Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
Luck in staff socials.

★ If there is a staff club where you work it is apt to be very active just now. If you belong to a group for the welfare of the community it may launch a new project for fund-raising. You enjoy working for a common purpose. Be ready to accept suggestions from those in whom you have faith, and clear of emotional outbursts.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

Lucky number this week, 5.
Lucky color for love, grey.
Gambling colors, grey, blue.
Lucky days, Monday, Thurs.
Luck in looking ahead.

★ Live from day to day and you drift. Plan for something you wish to do or wish to possess and you make rapid strides. Save friver money and that holiday trip comes closer or a household amenity which would save labor or give pleasure to the family. If young, your pocket chest will be started with a thrilling gift.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continuing . . . Hide My Eyes

from page 74

Chad-Horder's and his wife had been living there, waiting to go abroad. There were several of their things strewn about. I think this bag was one of them. Now I suppose they've come back years later complaining because everything they left behind wasn't sent on? It's extraordinary how people do make demands on comparative strangers."

Her voice had risen indignantly and Luke sat eyeing her. "What makes you think it's the bag you saw at the cottage?"

SHE nodded towards the white fold of material. "Those needle holes in the plastic. When I first saw it there were two gilt initials just there. Someone had tried to stitch them instead of sticking them on and they were hanging by a couple of threads. I thought they'd get lost so I cut them off and put them in the bag for safety. Gerry said he was going to send everything out to them."

"What were the initials?" "One was an L and the other was an F, I think."

"How can you remember after all that time?"

Her slate-grey eyes with the darker edge round the irises met his own resentfully.

"Well . . . it was another woman who had stayed in the house."

Luke returned to the notes on the desk. "Fair enough," he said. "Did you ever hear her name?"

"No. Gerry wouldn't tell me. That's why I remembered the initials, I suppose."

Chief Inspector Donne cleared his throat.

"Was the bag in this condition when you saw it at the cottage?"

"No, the lining was in it then and it was ready for use. I didn't examine it, but there was a handkerchief in it and a compact, I think, and—oh—one or two ordinary things. The thick cream skin of her forehead had wrinkled and he bent across the desk towards her."

"What are you remembering?"

She looked up and smiled in a startled way. "I was remembering that I thought it rather

rather poor," she said frankly.

"Not smart?" "No, not that. Just poor. Poor for a client's wife."

There was a pause. Luke dropped his hand on Donne's wrist and the other man nodded, and his pencil traced a phrase on the blotter. "Gal hasn't a clue."

Edna took advantage of the pause to collect herself.

"Of course, it could only be carelessness on his part," she announced. "You do recognise that, I hope? Gerry wouldn't steal a handbag. He's not that sort of person. That's ridiculous. Wait until you meet him."

Luke did not look at her. "How does he make his living?"

"I can't tell you exactly," she conveyed that she could make a very good guess. "I told you he never discusses his affairs. I should say he does a bit of car dealing, tunes up racing cars for other people, and has a private income."

There was a faint primness, an old-maidish satisfaction on the last word which stood out like a visible flaw on her hard facade of sophistication.

The two policemen eyed her as if they could actually see her feet leaving the ground.

"Is he sometimes much more flush with money than at others?" Donne suggested.

"That's true of everybody, but it's particularly so of him. Sometimes he's—oh—quite absurdly over-generous and extravagant."

"Are these intervals regular?"

"How? Oh, I see. No, I don't think it's when the dividends come in. It's when the deals go through, I fancy."

LUKE sighed. He had a kindly disposition.

"At the time of the cottage at Bray, was that one of the flush periods?"

"I'll say it was," she looked suddenly gay and mischievous. "I hadn't seen him for ages, and then he came in saying times had been fearful but that he'd got something cooking up. When I saw him again it had all gone through. The client had sailed earlier than expected and Gerry had got the cottage on his hands."

That's one thing about him, he doesn't worry you with his worries. We had a wonderful time. There was money to burn for a bit."

Luke rose slowly to his feet and stood looking down at her. His face was sombre but not unkind.

"Did you ever wonder what kind of deal it was?" he said slowly. "Money to burn. Did he get that from commission on a deal with a man whose wife had a cheap plastic handbag, with initials which she tried to stitch on herself?"

There was silence and the atmosphere of the little office was unpleasantly noticeable. The woman sat watching the Superintendent with that particular look on her face which indicates that a half-thought question has been dragged out into the open.

"What do you mean?" "There was no bravado there, no defiance, only the simple query. 'What are you saying?'"

"How much did he get from them? If it was a lot, was it all they had?"

"But it couldn't have been. They were going away by sea, and—"

"Did they go?" The woman left her handbag.

They were unprepared for her sudden movement. She

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struggled up out of her chair and stood breathing heavily, as if she found it difficult.

"Do you mean . . . like Haigh?"

"What makes you say that?" Luke had crossed round from the desk and was holding her arm as if he feared she might fall.

"Why did you say 'Haigh'?"

"I didn't. I . . . Oh, it couldn't be. Oh, no."

Luke lowered her gently into the chair and put a cigarette in her mouth, which he lit.

"Now come on," he said, "be a good girl and clear your mind. We shan't involve you if we can help it, but you must do all you can. Come on, what made you say 'Haigh'?"

She pushed her hand through her hair, ruffling the hard shell into untidiness.

"Haigh was the man who—who put—who got rid of—who bought . . . acid . . ."

"Forget the acid," Luke was talking firmly and gently as if to a child. "Haigh was the soft-spoken, friendly little crook who went the one stage further. Most crooks will take anything and everything from their victims except the one final item. Haigh was the chap who thought that one final refinement was silly."

"Don't!" The word was a suppressed scream, and she sat looking at him wildly. "That's what Gerry said. That was his word."

"Silly? About Haigh?"

She nodded, her eyes growing darker and her mouth pallid round the edges of the lipstick.

"We were discussing him one night, and I said the man must have been mad, and Gerry said no, he was merely not silly, and that if he hadn't lost his nerve and confessed he'd be alive to-day still picking up a good living in a logical . . . Oh, no, don't take any notice of me, I don't know anything."

"I should tell us anything you do," Donne made the recommendation sound friendly. "We shall get to know the whole story in the end and we're clumsy beggars. We make less mess if we're helped. Unless you still want to try to shield him, of course."

"Shield . . ." She spoke the word as if she had never heard it before. "Oh, no, I couldn't. I couldn't. Not if it's that."

Her voice ceased abruptly and she sat staring ahead of her, all traces of charm and femininity in her face giving place to the stark practicalness of a human being confronted by the reality of self-preservation.

"You'd better look out if you take him," she said. "He was carrying a gun this afternoon. I felt it when he kissed me."

Donne glanced sharply at Luke, and the thumb of his right hand turned upwards. When he returned to Edna he was very gentle.

"We shall want a statement, Miss Cater," he said, "but take your time. I should just sit here quietly and have a cup of tea if I were you. Then you can tell the sergeant the whole story, and he'll read it over to you before you sign it."

He smiled reassuringly at her stricken face. "Don't worry too much. We shall be as discreet as we can. We don't go out of our way to make life difficult for anybody with a job to hold down."

Luke said nothing, and indeed had no chance to do so, for at that moment a detective constable slipped quietly into the room and spoke with his back turned carefully towards the witness.

"Will you come outside, sir?" he murmured. "They've picked up the Lagonda."

To be concluded



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and shrewd cockney eyes was very masculine and his approach was straight man to woman with very little of the policeman.

"You still feel like that, even after the walk-out on you this afternoon?" he inquired.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I can take it. I was just so pleased to see him. He hadn't been in for a couple of months."

"What do you think about him at this minute?"

"I think he's in a jam and I'm prepared to do anything I can for him."

"Do you know why we want him?"

"I can guess."

"Can you?" He was surprised. "Let's have it. We won't hold it over you."

"I don't care if you do." Her smile took the offence out of the retort. "I think that Warren Torrenden, the racing motorist, has made a charge against him. Something about a car or spare parts for one."

"I don't know what it is so I can't judge, but if I were you I'd make sure that I listened to the most reliable one of the two."

Luke did not speak but sat looking at her inquisitively, as if he could not make up his mind.

"Yes," he said at last, "yes, well I hope we're not going to upset you, Miss Carter. Have you ever seen this before?"

He had taken up a brown-paper packet from the desk and now removed the wrappings to reveal the remains of the white handbag which he had brought from the dump. She glanced at it idly and at first she thought that she was going to shake her head. But suddenly something about the ragged fold of plastic caught her attention and she put out her hand. She did not take the exhibit but turned it over on the desk and ran a strong white forefinger over a series of small flaws on the lower edge at the front.

"I'm not sure," she said at last, eyeing them cautiously as if she feared a trap. "Is it the one that was in the cottage at Bray that Mr. Chad-Horder rented? It was some time ago, you know, over two years."

"Is that the cottage that was mentioned in the conversation Waterfield overheard this afternoon?"

"It is." The color was dark in her face. "A client of Mr.



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trespassed on an area known to the tribe as the Sacred Mesa. Here a being the Indians call "Thundergod" appeared and warned the man that if another mortal was seen in the area he would destroy the whole tribe. To show his anger he struck the native with a bolt of lightning. NOW READ ON:



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By RUD



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TEENA by Linda Terry



IT'S MY AUNT'S SYSTEM... WHENEVER SHE'S DEPRESSED, SHE BUYS A NEW HAT... PERKS HER RIGHT UP!

GETTING A NEW HAT? YUP.

IT WORKS, TOO... I FEEL ABSOLUTELY DELIRIOUS!

WHAT WERE YOU SO DEPRESSED ABOUT?

OH, I DON'T KNOW... I JUST GOT T' THINKING 'WHAT IF NO SENSIBLE FELLA EVER WANTS TO MARRY ME'!

BUT THAT'S SILLY, OF COURSE.

WHAT'S THIS? A NEW HAT? WHAT ABOUT ALL THE HATS YOU BOUGHT LAST YEAR? I'M TELLING YOU, YOUNG LADY, NO SENSIBLE FELLA WILL EVER WANT TO MARRY YOU THE WAY YOU SPEND ALL YOUR MONEY ON HATS!!!

HEY! ANOTHER HAT?

YUP... MY FATHER WENT AND GOT ME ALL DEPRESSED AGAIN...

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Blunted port indeed (8).
 - Mark caused by cars (4).
 - Social gathering in an island in the Indian Ocean (7).
 - The upper part of the hipbone in Troy (5).
 - To be with half a dozen turned inside (5).
 - Fire-dog and metal (7).
 - Quivering and its end could be more (6).
 - Sad bee (Anagr. 6).
 - A monkey could do it if I tame it (7).
 - Flowers causing sores (5).
 - Sound with a frozen finish (5).
 - Men leap to enrol as a jury (7).
 - Once a chief magistrate with a canine head (4).
 - Stagecoach still in use (8).

ONE TO THE DOGS

W N E L
S I L V E R
N I E R V
E G E R I A
O R A P E R
O S I I
B O U N T E O U S N E S S
V M P O D M A S T E R
T R A M T I L
C E R G Y R A R I T Y
A T T A E A
P A N T H E P I D E R

Solution of last week's crossword.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8						
9						
10						
11						
12						
13						
14						
15						
16						
17						
18						
19						
20						
21						
22						
23						
24						
25						

Solution will be published next week.

- DOWN**
- Lament, probably for a digger who lost half of his horse (5).
 - I've a bus which becomes opprobrious (7).
 - Dispossess by law (5).
 - When a Parisienne addresses you it's worth a set of nine (6).
 - The town one makes public proclamations (5).
 - Medieval tale for a love affair (7).
 - Puck promised to put one round about the Earth in forty minutes (6).
 - Stole from the dive (7).
 - One rag (Anagr. 6).
 - Often seen with old lace (7).
 - Teen or produce a luminous body (6).
 - Chilling coat on a cake (5).
 - Bound with a stout cord in which there is more than a drop (5).
 - Of the sun topped with a hat-plant (5).

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